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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME XI | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1934 | NUMBER 16

The Hallucination of Rugged Individualism

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By Harold L. Ickes. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1934. $1.50.

Reviewed by GUIDO PANTALEONI, JR.

THIS book is meant for the masses, not for economists or even the average well-educated mind. It is well worth reading by the intellectual, however, if for no other reason than because, unlike so much that was addressed to the masses by previous administrations, this document is sincere and not just a promise before an election which is intended to be and will be forgotten when the votes are in.

The material is not well arranged, though an attempt at a logical progress is indicated in the chapter headings. The first four, entitled, respectively, "Our American Heritage," "Individualism vs. Rugged Individualism," "The Greatest Good of the Greatest Number," and "The Need for Planning," indicate a discussion of general principles. The last three, entitled, respectively, "The First Steps," "Profit and Cost," and "The New Democracy," indicate a description of the New Deal and its results. But ideas in all chapters seem to flow rather by a process of free association, a little as one might talk, without plan, of what comes to mind in the order that it comes. The result is considerable repetition of what is uppermost in Mr. Ickes's mind, the cost and the injustice of rugged individualism. The reader is likely to be first confused and then impatient over what is after all simply a rehash of all that has been said on that subject.

The indictment against rugged individualism is the familiar one of exploitation. In Mr. Ickes's hands the emphasis is put upon the exploitation of natural resources and the book is filled with examples of the expense to society of replacing timber lands, tearing down esthetic monstrosities, and transplanting misplaced factories and railroad yards which, because of their location, have become nuisances.

While Mr. Ickes is correct as to his facts, it is very doubtful whether we could have reached anything like the high standard of living which America attained in the twentieth century if railroads and factories had been built not where it was at the time most economically profitable but where it would some day be socially desirable to have them. As an example, Mr. Ickes discusses, not once but twice and each time very thoroughly, the present cost to Chicago of beautifying its water front. We venture to suggest that had the railroads and factories been originally placed in the woods the growth of Chicago to a position where it could afford to have a beautiful water front would have been delayed far beyond 1934.

Of course the amazing prosperity attained by America as a result of rugged individualism is a difficult argument for anyone who desires to scrap that system to answer. Lenin, Mussolini, and Hitler were more fortunate. The attempt to handle this problem produces one of the weakest passages in the book:

> After a hundred and fifty years of development in this country there are still communities which are far too poor, even as a unit, to afford the cost of adequate medical care. . . . If we turn now to the opportunity of the American people to earn a decent living we find appalling conditions even at the peak of our so-called prosperity. There are

(*Continued on next page*)

SYMBOLS OF RUSSIA'S IRON AGE

From "I Photograph Russia," by James Abbe. As Mr. Abbe says: "Note the up-to-date equipment . . . the feverish activity . . . the prosperous, well-clad children." Mr. Abbe was arrested for taking this picture: the railway is a forbidden subject.

New Decalogues of Drinking

BY FRANK SCHOONMAKER

AMERICANS have been accused more than once in the last few years of having no respect for the law, but it is obvious that such accusations are both unjustified and absurd. The average American has not only a real but a vastly exaggerated respect for law and the efficacy of law. Unfortunately, however, the American respects laws before they are passed rather than afterwards. For some two decades (in fact, until as late as 1920) the intelligent public in this country had a genuine respect for Prohibition; for the past dozen years the same public has respected the Twenty-first Amendment, although not under that name. In both cases it was general belief that the millennium would be brought about by an Act of Congress rather than an act of God, that the ship of state, with an elected Charon at the helm, was due to dock in Glory as soon as a sufficient majority could be assured in both houses.

It is to be regretted that this charming governmental theology, of which the Congressional Record is the Acts of the Apostles and the Constitution the creed, has once more been proven unsound. We have emerged from the Great Drought into the Reign of Reason, but the golden piers of Glory are about as far away as they ever were. Meanwhile the spectacle of a great nation dedicated to the cause of Sane Drinking is at least an interesting one.

At the time of Repeal it was agreed, unless I am very much mistaken, by all parties and all factions, by Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Roosevelt, by Mrs. Sabin and Mr. Smith, that temperance was to be the universal goal. The consumption of hard liquor was to be discouraged; under the deft guidance of Mr. Joseph Choate Jr., we were to take the daughter of the vine to spouse; café tables would blossom on every bootlegger's grave; we were to drink, in short, in the Continental fashion. How far we have already progressed along this road may be judged from the fact that, in the average New York hotel today, a glass of sherry costs more than a glass of gin, from the fact that one pays more for a bottle of passable imported wine than for a bottle of whiskey, from the fact that the present tariff on inexpensive wine amounts to over a hundred percent *ad valorem*, and from the fact that we are spending, on California wine which costs fifty or sixty cents a gallon to produce, approximately a dollar a bottle retail.

This state of affairs will endure, and is bound to endure, until Americans as a whole are convinced that moderate drinking is an amenity and not a vice, albeit a pardonable vice. Typical of the attitude of the converted dry is the statement which Mr. Walter Lippmann made not long ago —that liquor is unlike all other commodities in that an increased production of it does nothing to raise the general standard of living. This statement to the contrary notwithstanding, it is certain that an increased production of wine will do more for general well-being and prosperity in the United States than an increased production of chewing-gum or candy or cosmetics, or moving-pictures or kodaks or firearms. For there is no product, agricultural or industrial, which presents a better counterbalance to the over mechanization of the last few decades, than wine. There is no industry in which machines are less likely to replace men than the wine industry. A German government survey revealed recently that two acres of hillside vineyards on the Rhine could support a family which, settled in the lowlands, would require eight acres of fields. And until Pasteur, who called wine "the most healthful and most hygienic of beverages," is proven a fool, only fanatics will believe that wine is in any way detrimental to human happiness. Briefly, then, wine benefits

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Modern Poet

By ALICE CORBIN

HE weaves a wordy silk cocoon
Of images, obscurely wrought,
Then sinks into a dreamy swoon,
Hoping some one may pierce the thought—

Hoping some one may liberate
A bright and brilliant butterfly!
I'd rather leave him in his tomb,
I would not wake the worm—not I!

A Liberal on Russia

RUSSIA'S IRON AGE. By William Henry Chamberlin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $4.

Reviewed by CALVIN B. HOOVER

THIS is, I think, the most valuable book on the Soviet Union which has yet been written. There is always the danger of praising or damning a book because the reviewer does or does not agree with the interpretations and conclusions of the author. It may be, therefore, that my opinion of Chamberlin's book should be subjected to a suitable discount for this reason. Nevertheless, it is an impressive fact that observers who have resided for a considerable period in Soviet Russia so frequently come at last to conclusions which agree so well, almost regardless of what their original sentiments toward capitalism and socialism may have been. It is not merely that the conclusions are so nearly identical. There is very nearly unanimous agreement as well on the important criteria by which the achievements and failures of the Soviet Union should be valued. It is fair to say, I think, that "Russia's Iron Age" may be taken to represent what almost any intelligent and sincere observer would conclude about life in the Soviet Union if he had had the same opportunity for observation in Russia which the author has had.

No other person has had the combination of peculiar abilities and opportunities which Chamberlin has had to interpret the events and developments of the last ten years in Soviet Russia. Any observer of Russian birth or ancestry is naturally almost automatically disqualified as an objective observer. Few foreigners on the other hand have the knowledge of the Russian language which is an absolute requisite to a serious writer. Chamberlin's own knowledge of Russian is supplemented by that of his wife. Foreigners, furthermore, are likely to be hampered as observers by their national or class prejudices. Chamberlin is as little hampered in these ways as it is possible to imagine anyone being. Moreover, he has had too much energy to succumb to the very excusable temptation of confining his contacts to Soviet officials. And finally, he has

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This Week

THE SECOND WORLD WAR
By JOHANNES STEEL
Reviewed by S. A. Nock

ART AND THE LIFE OF ACTION
By MAX EASTMAN
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

A WORLD IN BIRTH
By ROMAIN ROLLAND
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND
By CHARLES NORDHOFF and JAMES NORMAN HALL
Reviewed by Archie Binns

MORNING SHOWS THE DAY
By HELEN HULL
Reviewed by Mabel S. Ulrich

BUENAVENTURA
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

EXILE'S RETURN AND OTHER CELEBRATIONS
Saturday Review News Pictures
by ROBERT DISRAELI

Next Week or Later

OLIVER CROMWELL
A Review by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

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The Hallucination of Rugged Individualism

(*Continued from first page*)

countless communities with a standard of living as low as anything to be found in Europe. . . . People are living in such unsanitary and squalid conditions in many parts of the countryside that the dweller in a disgraceful city tenement would feel that his own surroundings were attractive and fortunate in comparison. If he does not have sunlight and air in sufficient quantity at least he has running water, plumbing of a sort, and electric light.

Our system has put electricity, plumbing, and running water in every city, even in the slums, in the short space of fifty years, but it should be changed because it has not, in the same period, supplied every hamlet! There are so many very real criticisms that could be made. Why, for instance, does Mr. Ickes not discuss the horrible cost of the World War? What if a Democratic administration did put us into it!

Nor is Mr. Ickes quite fair when he expresses his contempt for the conduct of the rugged individualist who in March of 1933 asked help of the Government. He states:

The strangest procession to come to Washington after March 4, 1933, was composed of those who had been among the great and the powerful under the old regime. Rugged individualists who had been loudly asserting their own self-sufficiency, their ability to stand on their own feet, to conduct their own affairs without any suggestion from Government, came, a broken and humble crowd. Hats in hand, they begged the strong man in the White House to save them from themselves. Nothing proud or haughty or overbearing about these men now. They knew that they had failed to meet the test.

The truth of the matter is that the Anti-Trust Laws had prevented business men from solving the problem along the same lines now suggested for solution by the Government itself. Whom else could one appeal to except the Government either to

To those of us who hope to see corrected, as far as possible, the very real errors we have committed and who hope to secure relief from the very great tragedies which have resulted from them, the book will be but one more disappointment to be added to the ever growing list of disappointments in the New Deal. Basically it is just another example of the omnipotence of thought, the triumph of wishful thinking so dear to the savage, the child, and the reformer.

In the foreword and in the concluding chapter Mr. Ickes emphasizes that our solution must and will be distinctively American and that "neither Karl Marx, nor Adam Smith, nor Lenin, nor Hitler, nor Mussolini, can be accepted as our guide." But just as many Americans find some difficulty in distinguishing many of the basic conceptions now common throughout Russia, Germany, and Italy, so it will be difficult for many of us to distinguish Mr. Ickes's solution from the regimentation adopted throughout most of Europe. He supports all of the present administration measures involving more or less direct control of every branch of industry by the Government, not as temporary measures necessary perhaps to respond to a crisis but as permanent measures of reform, and he draws all of these many activities together into a program of social work involving a redistribution and consumption of wealth that is truly alarming.

Mr. Ickes's new social program includes, among other things, medical care and hospitalization available to all, decent and livable apartments at rents within the reach of all, and old age and unemployment insurance for all. Contemplating for a moment the cost of such a program, he states:

Nor will such a social program as we are discussing cause a strain on our economic system. The contrary, rather. To satisfy legitimate wants, to encourage greater consumption of goods, means more orders for factories, increased travel, a stimulation of commercial life. *Fortunately, a higher standard of living fits perfectly into the offensive being waged against depression.* [Italics ours.]

And so we have the N.R.A. devoted more and more to but one cause, that of raising wages and shortening hours so as to increase purchasing power and at the same time reduce what there is to purchase. Whereas Russia, Italy, Germany, and even Australia are at least facing facts, economizing and reducing their standard of living, we, alone among the nations of the world, are congratulating and patting ourselves on the back on how "fortunate" it is, to use Mr. Ickes's expression, that the cure for our troubles is so pleasant.

Speaking of the increase in total Federal receipts for the fiscal year ending June, 1934, which were nearly three times as great as for the previous year, Mr. Ickes states:

This increase was made possible, not only by an increase in tax receipts, but also very largely by the profit to the Government resulting from the devaluation of the currency. This action was in complete harmony with the general political theory of the present Administration and this financial gain may properly be set over against the cost of relief, and the grants made for public works.

To offset an enormous consumption of wealth by a bookkeeping entry which represents nothing but a transference of wealth does not change the condition of the larder.

Mr. Ickes points out what is the fact: that Government interference has in a measure been creeping upon us. He points to the post office, the railroads, and the regimentation which took place during the World War. To Mr. Ickes the post office is a model of efficiency. To many of us it has only that type of efficiency which consists in attaining an objective regardless of cost. The letters are delivered and delivered promptly but the thought must occur to anyone who observes the post office at work that in private hands the rates could probably be cut in half, and the service maintained, with a large profit left over.

There are very few problems of Government which cannot ultimately be reduced to a question of who is to be boss and how he is to be chosen. Any system can be made successful if we are fortunate in the choice of our boss and any system will fail if we are unfortunate in that choice. The change in the system which Mr. Ickes proposes is to put the Government into business. How will this change affect our electing the business boss? Mr. Ickes compares Government by vote of the electorate to the management of a large corporation by vote of its stockholders. He points out that in both cases the management is practically independent of the citizen or stockholder, as the case may be, so long as things go well but that when things go wrong both citizen and stockholder "flock to the polls and destroy incompetent or venal officials. They act, not always judicially, but with desperate power." The analogy is largely superficial. In the first place, it does not take into account the fact that stockholders do not vote per capita but according to their respective property interests; in the second place, the business leader acquires his following because of his reputation as a money maker. One is reluctant to describe how the political leader acquires his. Occasionally one gets a politician in business and there is nothing more distressing than the picture that often follows of the small stockholder voting quite innocently for the bankruptcy of his company because he is under the spell of a pleasing personality who has the capacity to paint rosy pictures.

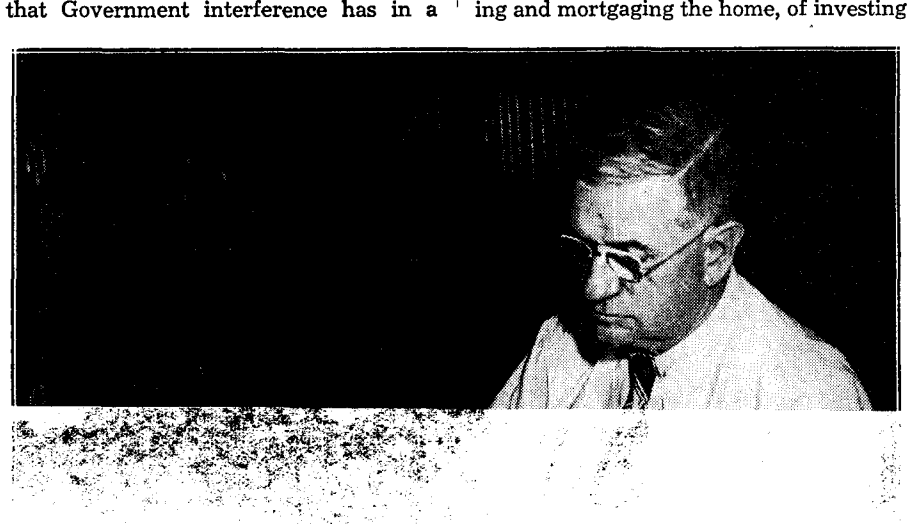
Throughout, Mr. Ickes attacks those who now oppose further Government interference as rugged individualists who want to return to the ruthless competition of 1929. Perhaps the nucleus of the opposition to the New Deal is composed of that type. We should like to hazard a guess, however, that if the program outlined in Mr. Ickes's book is the program of the Administration, and all the evidence at hand indicates that it is, the opposition will be augmented by a new and vigorous group who were among the staunch New Dealers at the very start and who are being driven into the opposition because they have found Government regulation to be nothing but an application on a gigantic scale of every one of the false economic theories which corrupted business in 1929.

For at least ten years preceding the crash short-sighted rugged individualists spread the false gospel of instalment selling and mortgaging the home, of investing on margin and expanding on hopes and, in general, of consuming what we didn't have. It is true that, under the New Deal, the Securities Act, the Stock Exchange Act, and the Banking Act have put a serious crimp in private financing. But these laws have borne heavier on sound financing than they have on financing of the speculative type and, in any event, the Government itself has stepped in with a campaign of spending and credit inflation accompanied by unsound economic propaganda that is already far worse than anything done up to 1929 by the rugged individualist. The Government has gone even further. It has exceeded the craziest hallucination of the rugged individualist by combining its inflation program with a systematic, direct destruction of wealth in the form of plowed under cotton, slaughtered livestock, etc.; a folly greater even than inflation.

But no situation is without its humor. The Government must borrow and borrow heavily and so must every state and municipality that has caught the true spirit of the New Deal. There must be someone to buy the bonds and—you have guessed it—up steps our rugged individualist, his mind unclouded by a single pious dream. Why not? they're tax exempt! And we poor, struggling wage slaves, New Dealers and Old Dealers, are left to foot the bill.

* *

Guido Pantaleoni, formerly an assistant Federal District Attorney for the southern district of New York, is now associated with a prominent New York law firm.



SECRETARY ICKES PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE MANUSCRIPT OF "THE NEW DEMOCRACY."

The Powder Keg of Modern Europe

THE SECOND WORLD WAR. By Johannes Steel. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $2.

NAOMI MITCHISON'S VIENNA DIARY. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by STANLEY A. NOCK

JOHANNES STEEL is not only a fascinating and illuminating newspaper correspondent; he is also a man who has had great success in the business of prophecy. Having guessed—or calculated—correctly as to Hitler's "purge" and Dollfuss's fall and Schacht's elevation to industrial Czardom, he now amasses a formidable lot of statistics, and arranges them to show the inevitability of a new and bigger and more frightful world war within nine months.

The statistics are highly depressing; and certainly as Mr. Steel puts them together they make the next world war seem a calamity not to be avoided. Not only are the Balkans in a state of turmoil (this was written before the death of Alexander, which makes what Mr. Steel says even more likely to happen); not only is Austria a bone of contention at which all the dogs are about to snap; not only is the diplomatic race between France and Germany about to become critical; but, worse than all this, France cannot wait beyond next spring to make war. She is now at the height of her power, and has at this time her greatest influence among allies. In the course of a year, much of the power will have been offset by Germany's rearmament, and much of the diplomatic prestige of France will be gone. France must make war in the spring of 1935.

Likewise, Japan must make war in the spring of 1935, for after that she will not have the military advantage over Russia that she has at present. In another couple of years, Russia will be in better shape for

kans are dangerously hot, in so close proximity to the barrel. Germany dreams of a Teutonic Empire, by means of which she may become self-supporting, independent of the rest of the world, and a great Power. France and Italy will have to have it out sooner or later—which, for France, means sooner. The "Bloody International" of armament makers is doing a grand business, and paying most gratifying dividends. And there are the Saar, and Otto of Hapsburg, and the conflict of what Mr. Steel calls the democracy of France with fascism in other European countries (except Czechoslovakia). Everything is ready.

While Mr. Steel has most of the argument on his side, beyond a doubt, yet he does overlook one or two possibilities. It is just conceivable that a good many statesmen of Europe will wake up to the fact that such a war as Mr. Steel prophesies must mean the end for them. It is just conceivable that every one will be afraid to get off the tiger he is riding. It is just conceivable that the ordinary common people, say of Germany, will get so utterly fed up this winter that they will alter the whole constellation. Fascism of one kind and another has died suddenly and unexpectedly, from time to time during the world's history.

Although Mr. Steel has written very hastily, his book furnishes a good deal of interesting if not cheering reading; and every one interested in his own future might well consider the dangerous possibilities of the near future. In the meanwhile there is that episode of the recent past, which stirred so much sympathy when it happened, to consider—the shelling of the community houses in Vienna by the Dollfuss Government. What Austrian fascism represented, Mrs. Mitchison vividly depicts in her "Vienna Diary."

As an English socialist, Mrs. Mitchison went to Vienna immediately after the attack of the Dollfuss Government on the Austrian socialists, in order to see just what had been done, and in what way suffering might be relieved. Her Diary is, quite properly, a day by day account of

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what she saw and of what she heard from reliable sources.

Mrs. Mitchison frankly states that she is writing as a socialist, and is therefore giving an account of her experiences from the socialist point of view. Let us, then, bend over backward and eliminate ninety per cent of her account as party prejudice—any ninety per cent. In the ten per cent left, there will be enough material to arouse the most intense disgust for the Dollfuss Government, and to stimulate any fair-minded reader to honest and clean hatred not only of that particular fascist Government, but of all fascist governments whatever.

That the Austrian socialists were honest and sincere people, on every occasion and in every way endeavoring to make life easier and more beautiful for those whose lives had had little ease and beauty; that they were genuinely devoted to the cause of the working classes, there is no reason to doubt. How successful they had been, Mrs. Mitchison shows clearly enough in her accounts of conversations with the inhabitants of the community houses which were so ruthlessly shelled by Government troops. The "lower classes" in Vienna, who love beauty, and who desire nothing but an honest, gentle, and *gemütlich* life, were happy and content. Because they would not and could not give Dollfuss and his Church party the support demanded, they were pitilessly attacked and without mercy, without possibility of legal assistance, persecuted. (How can a man be defended in court when he is held in prison without a charge against him?)

But Mrs. Mitchison, the socialist, is perhaps too apt to portray the Dollfuss government as a government of Bad Men. There is no doubt that Dollfuss, like Mussolini and Hitler and other dictators, brought about results which would gladden the heart of the worst man that ever lived; but to assume that Dollfuss was really a bad man, and did what he did out of motives not honest, is a large assumption. Whatever Dollfuss did, and for whatever reason, he paid an enormous price; he suffered the same death that some of his socialist opponents had suffered.

Incidentally, Mrs. Mitchison shows why the National Socialist party is gaining adherents in Austria; anything is better than what they have, say the people. She also gives reason to suppose that she is right in stating definitely that the Socialist party is not dead in Austria, and that it will return to influence, though not in the way that socialists had hoped.

Despite charming sketches of persons, and a remarkably good-humored whimsicality about the preposterousness of the press, the legation, and the English socialists, the "Vienna Diary" is not pleasant reading. For even discounting ninety per cent of what Mrs. Mitchison says, there is still enough tragedy left to move men to abandon the gentle and inept methods of old liberalism, and really get down to facts and work for those things which intelligent and sensitive people love. But the Diary is more than a collection of horrors: it is also a document that portrays the high-heartedness of men and women in time of trouble.

* *

Stanley A. Nock has recently returned from Germany where he spent four years in university circles.

A Liberal on Russia

(*Continued from first page*)

been able to write with the knowledge that he is not returning to Moscow as a correspondent (he is to go to Tokio for his paper), and he is willing to face the possibility that he may never be allowed to re-enter the Soviet Union in any capacity. No one can write a really respectable book or even article about Soviet Russia unless he is willing to face this possibility.

One is at once struck by the tremendous difference between Chamberlin's first book on Russia and the present one. Part of the difference is accounted for by the circumstances noted above. The main difference, however, is that the first book was written about the Russia of the New Economic Policy. "Russia's Iron Age" tells the story of the period after the New Economic Policy had come to an end and the period of forced industrialization and collectivization of agriculture had got thoroughly under way. The whole book is written under the shadow of the great famine of 1932-33 which was the result of this policy. There can be no doubt that it was this famine which definitely and completely convinced Chamberlin that the results of the Soviet experiment to Russia and to the world were negative. Shortage of food and even famine is no new thing in Soviet Russia. But the decision to allow the most recent famine to continue and to conceal its existence from the Western World made its effect on the sympathies of an observer of Soviet institutions far different from that of the famine of 1921. Furthermore, the earlier famine could quite logically be considered in part an inheritance from Czardom and in part the results of the destruction occasioned by the revolution and the Civil War. The famine of 1932-33 was directly attributable to the results of forced industrialization and collectivization of agriculture.

There is nothing new about the terror which Chamberlin considers one of the most fundamental of Soviet institutions. Wholesale arrests, execution, exile, forced labor—these things are familiar to anyone who knows anything about Soviet Russia. For a long time, however, it was possible to say that the end justified the means if the end was certainly attainable and the means was temporary. Mr. Chamberlin has had ten years to observe the struggle toward the end. He has seen that in terms of material standards of living, the people of Russia are, as a whole, worse off than at the beginning of the ten-year period. He has seen that there has been no diminution in the terror which was considered a means to an end. If at certain periods the terror diminished for a time, he saw it always mount higher at a later time. He saw, finally, the brutalizing effects of this terror on the whole population.

Mr. Chamberlin, to be sure, recognizes certain achievements of the Soviet regime. These achievements, such as the construction of new industrial giants of all types, are those appropriate to the New Iron Age. But the author always returns to the conclusion that to Russians as human beings it has not been worth the cost. He finds that the terror which has been inflicted upon the aristocracy, the bourgeoisie, the old intelligentsia, and the kulaki has not been compensated for by any increase in the personal freedom of the proletariat.

A CLOTHES QUEUE—AND NOT ENOUGH CLOTHES TO GO AROUND
Another forbidden picture, from "I Photograph Russia."

"THE SCOOP OF A LIFETIME"
The only time Stalin ever sat for his photograph. From "I Photograph Russia."

One day's absence from work which is unexcused may be punished by dismissal and the loss of the food card. The theft of state property, in a country in which almost all property belongs to the state, is punishable by death. The principle of the punishment of relatives, even though innocent, for the crime of individuals, is legally recognized. An enlightened attitude toward the treatment of common criminals is more than balanced by the rigorousness and cruelty of the treatment of the much larger number of political prisoners.

On the cultural side, Chamberlin can credit the Soviet Union with little that is highly creative. This he finds true of literature, art, and drama.

The significance of Chamberlin's book, aside from its detailed revelations of the famine of 1932-33, is primarily as a record of the final impression of life in the Soviet Union upon an intelligent liberal. It should be read by all liberals.

In the Camera's Eye

I PHOTOGRAPH RUSSIA. By James E. Abbe. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1934. $3.

MR. ABBE is a globe-trotting professional photographer, and the eighty full-page photographs which he accompanies by a gossipy and very readable text are probably the best that have come out of Russia. So far as giving the long-distance observer some notion of what life in Soviet Russia is really like, they are decidedly superior to those of Miss Margaret Bourke-White. For the whole connotation of Miss White's brilliant studies in masses, angles, and mechanistic light and shade was rosier than the facts warrant and most of her pictures of machinery might just as well have been taken in any capitalistic industrial plant for *Fortune* magazine.

Mr. Abbe, who had already visited Russia several years ago and published a book about his adventures, this time really settled down and lived, with his family about him. Mme. Litvinoff, wife of the Foreign Minister, bunked informally in his summer "datcha" in the outskirts of Moscow. He actually wormed his way into the Kremlin and took a photograph of Stalin at the latter's desk. When Mme. Stalin died, and her imposing funeral cortège moved through streets bristling with bayonets and under windows closed by GPU orders, Abbe took a big chance, and snapped several shots from a hotel window and got away with the negatives before the GPU men, who finally spotted him, could nab him.

Abbe makes no pretense of being anything but a brash Yankee photographer, just like the boys who go down the bay to meet incoming liners and brusquely order foreign dignitaries to take off or put on their hats. We must expect, therefore, a certain amount of rather tiresome boasting and shop-talk, hard to suppress when you've spent two weeks getting permissions to do a job which takes two minutes, but he has seen and heard a lot, and most of his comments are shrewd and sound. He knows Soviet Russian realities far better than most Intourist trippers, however academically prepared, ever get to know them. And his pictures are the real thing.

Art for Life's Sake

ART AND THE LIFE OF ACTION, WITH OTHER ESSAYS. By Max Eastman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

MAX EASTMAN is always a stimulating writer who sometimes runs amok among the conventions but more usually displays a happy union of acute reasoning proceeding from common sense. And unlike many other writers upon literary criticism he never fails to consult his own creative imagination before laying down his formulas. Only recently, in "Artists in Uniform," he described the unhappy state of the creative writer in the grip of Russian dogmatism; in this little book he steps ahead of his instances to philosophize the relation between art and propaganda. There is an esthetics of revolution as well as a politics of revolution and if it is to be criticized there is no one so likely to do a good job as a revolutionist. It is not surprising therefore to find Mr. Eastman's discussion of the most burning question in esthetics today—the relation of art to current activity in social reconstruction—sympathetic and well informed. It is not surprising, but certainly a boon, to discover in his brief tract the best and soundest analysis of this vexed subject available in any source known to me.

Mr. Eastman believes in both propaganda and art, but hates their forced union. He is scornful of the slaves to the dialectic of materialism who try to prove that the true artist can be successful only in the cause of Bolshevik or any other ideas. He shows that every great social movement from religion through education down to therapeutics has tried to make its necessities a justification for art, so that the communist's claim that art must propagate socialist ideas is only an end term of Aristotle's thesis that art was good because it purged the emotions and taught men by imitation. Art, as Mr. Eastman defines it, is an intensification of co sciousness, a vivification of experience realizes qualities instead of (like scien conceiving relations. Hence the ar whose mind is set on fire by a flare up, whether it be in religion of the thirteenth century or socialism of the twentieth, gains in so far as he is more alive, but loses if he conceives of his art (which is intensification) as subordinate to the ideas or the information it conveys. His power is real, but it inheres in the intensity of the life of his book or his painting, not in the ideas which underlie it, although, if he is successful, they may be more effectively propagated than by tract or sermon. For art (says Eastman) is an inhibition or arresting of a stimulus which might lose itself in action but in the artist finds a form which brings it into vivid and sustained being. "All works of art . . . must find some way to stand up against the stream of action. A cup or beaker, if it is to be artistic, must not only satisfy our eye and hand and lip, but must stop us from drinking."

The communist idea of an art whose end is action for the cause is, on this basis, demonstrably unsound, as indeed the failure of Bolshevik art except among the "fellow travelers," who sympathize with revolution but are not its slaves, is excellent evidence. To persuade the creative writer that he can be useful only by joining an organization or a cult in order to turn his conceptions into action, is regressive not progressive. It is headed back toward the medicine man who made the artist his accomplice in the crude beginnings of natural science, or the emperor who asked Virgil to teach the simple agriculture of his day by verse.

I cannot do justice in a review to the acute reasoning and vigorous imagery of this short but important contribution to straight thinking in the esthetic murk of this day. For those oppressed by the mystical, unscientific thinking of fascist and communist dictatorships more interested in the means than in the ends of living, it is a sharp sword stroke which cuts out the heart of their argument.

The rest of this book is a miscellany of critical and descriptive sketches. It is the title essay that makes it important.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 11. No. 16.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

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An Irishman Looks at England, and Beyond

When an Irishman writes a moving and utterly sympathetic lament for the self-destruction of a great race—and that race the English—something is happening in this distressed world which transcends nationalism. The lament is a play, "Within the Gates," by Sean O'Casey, a strange and powerful fantasy. The self-destruction is, one feels, and the playwright clearly hopes, only temporary. But that, and not the various moralities of which the dramatic critics have been writing, is the core of his drama. A statue of a soldier in trench uniform, a heavy, ominous figure, dominates the corner of Hyde Park in which is all the action of the play. It is the war, unwanted, brutalizing, disintegrating, that hangs like a thunder cloud which will not clear over an England that has lost its confidence. Behind is the recurrent chorus of the down-and-outs, in front the vulgarities, trivialities, cynicisms, and tragedies of a demoralized society, with only the virtues of courage and humor left. The little whore, whose soul stresses are the plot of the play, is disillusioned youth personified, her weak heart is symbolical of a lesion in the mind which leaves her without fixity of purpose except to die game. As Blake wrote in another age of demoralization—

The harlot's cry from street to street
Will weave old England's winding sheet.

The technique of expressionism, in which this play is written, grows already a little out of date. When life roars and rushes or is shaken by nervous vibrations, writers tend to throw aside the old simplicities of story telling, and describe the impressions upon their own sensitive souls instead of the incidents that do the impressing. One gets plots upside down, flashes of consciousness, vivid action that creates a mood rather than tells a story; or, as in this drama, conventional ideas in conflict (like the old morality plays, dating also from an age of disintegration) where a bishop, a whore, a vulgarian, a dreamer, an atheist, a sensualist, broken men and ruined women say their pieces, yet it is not what they are, so much as what they mean in the fantasy of a muddled world, that makes the scenes dramatic.

There is an incoherence, more apparent than real, in expressionism, which, as the issues of post-war civilization become clearer, will give place again to the simplicity of form that great art always chooses when it can (there will be no Joyces, no Gertrude Steins, no cult of unintelligibility in the next generation). Nevertheless, the emotional convictions of this play dominate its mixed fantasies as the cretinous statue of stupid calamity dominates Hyde Park. The Irish mind sees the English types as fellow humanity suffering in ways new to their experience. It laughs pityingly at the idiosyncrasies of an independent people, and the lack of self-knowledge in a great race which was too successful in the last century to carry an argument *ad hominem;* it sees in the English character a spark of bull-dog courage that glows unquenchable, and fans it into a flame symbolic of the tenacious grip on life which is the hope of all humanity. Poets with a sense of humor are rare, dramatists who are poets also are even rarer, symbolists who make their symbols weep and laugh and talk like humans are rarest of all, except perhaps a nationalist author in this day who really believes that all men are brothers. Mr. O'Casey's gates open upon a world where Irishmen love Englishmen for their misfortunes, a world in confusion which nevertheless is sane by comparison with the patterns of success which Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler have been making for us. At the end of this stirring drama of humanitarian fantasy, one feels that there is more real hope in the little whore's game courage than in the whole lumbering machine of dialectic materialism, with its ominous promise that the next great race will create a culture by force.

Royal J. Davis

There is probably no field of endeavor in which more good work is produced under the cloak of anonymity than in that of journalism. It is only among the fraternity of newspapermen themselves that men know what authorship attaches to the mass of writing which every day brings forth. Yet it is safe to say that qualities such as those possessed by the late Royal J. Davis, whose death the other day deprived *The Saturday Review* of one of its staunchest friends and most valued contributors, were sufficient to have won general recognition for his name. He had a passionate preoccupation with truth, a scrupulousness of statement, a range of information, and an eager curiosity toward the passing, and especially the political, scene which are the very bedrock of good journalism, and which made him an asset of inestimable value to a daily paper. But outstanding as these qualities were, it is not for them that his associates will remember him, but for his noble humility, his generosity toward his fellow workers or those who sought his advice, for his stoic fortitude under trial and anxiety, and the gay humor which no difficulties could ever quench. It might with truth be said of him as an earlier contributor to his own *New York Evening Post* said of his fellow, "None knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise."

The battle for simplified spelling, which seems to have spent its force some years ago in this country, is waging merrily in England at present. The London *Observer* recently polled a group of representative persons which included prominent writers, professors, a scientist, and a librarian with the result that a majority vote was cast for simplification. Among those voting were Julian Huxley, Amabel Williams-Ellis, T. S. Eliot, and C. K. Ogden. The suggestion was made that a Prime Minister's committee might explore the question.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

MORNING SHOWS THE DAY. By HELEN HULL. *Coward-McCann.* A tale of small town life.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By JOHN BUCHAN. *Houghton-Mifflin.* A full-length biographical portrait.

A GUIDE TO MODERN POLITICS. By G. D. H. COLE and MARGARET COLE. *Knopf.* A survey of existing political systems.

This Less Recent Book:

DARK HAZARD. By W. R. BURNETT. *Harpers.* The story of a gambler.

"WHAT KIND DO YOU THINK JULIAN STREET WOULD CHOOSE?"

To the Editor: *Hervey Allen Reports the White House Presentation*

The White House Library

SIR:—It has been suggested to me that the writing and reading fraternity in general might be interested in hearing what a thoroughly successful and generally pleasing event the recent "White House Presentation" proved to be. What might have been, under less fortunate circumstances, quite a formal, if not a cut-and-dried occasion, to the tune of a little nervous oratory, happened quite differently. From first to last the presentation of the two hundred volumes of Modern Literature—supplementing the five hundred books presented in 1930—as a gift to the nation from the American Booksellers Association remained just what any occasion concerned with modern life and letters should be—quite casual and frank, yet decidedly to the point and urbane. That it was so, was chiefly due to the quick understanding and proper guidance of the whole affair by Mr. E. S. McCawley, President of the American Booksellers Associtaion, and his colleagues, and to the much more than official hospitality and appreciation shown by the hostess of the White House and the President of the United States.

The original plan was for the presentation committee to have appeared briefly before the President at two o'clock on Tuesday, October 23rd, and then and there to have "conveyed the books to the nation." This was pleasantly altered, however, by an invitation to the entire committee, Messrs. W. W. Norton, Frederick G. Melcher, E. S. McCawley, Frederick L. Allen, Hervey Allen, and Mrs. Pearl Buck, to take lunch at the White House, the presentation to the President to take place immediately afterward. Accordingly the committee assembled shortly before one o'clock at the White House, were introduced to one another together with a number of other guests at the same luncheon by the White House aide, and after having been shown the place card, done in a beautiful Spencerian hand, extant perhaps only in Washington, were ushered into the dining room and there most agreeably welcomed by Mrs. Roosevelt.

Something a little "Spencerian" seemed to be carried over from the place card into the manner of the meal. As far as one could gather the conversation on all sides was easy, rapid, and flowing, but the nature of the occasion and a certain colonial dignity in the official furnishings of the room itself served altogether to remind one of the trace of old fashioned writing. That is not to say that there was anything formal about it. Quite the contrary. Your correspondent observed with some inward sympathy President Tyler gazing longingly from his portrait just above the sideboard at a cocktail shaker securely locked, apparently with other trophies of the past, in a cabinet immediately opposite. It seemed possible that he might catch the eye of Mr. Elliott Roosevelt, who, however, remained completely enthralled by the author of "The Good Earth," while Ted McCawley, Fannie Hurst, Mrs. Roosevelt, and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt just across the table discussed, I am told, relatives, publishing, and books. Farther around the board the author of "Only Yesterday" seemed very much taken up by the President on his right, while on my right and left two ladies discussed across my body the advantages of Urbana, Ohio, over Chicago, Illinois. For the rest there was fruit cup, soup, a succulent chicken pie, endive salad, dessert—and exodus into the next room, where the President awaited us seated behind his desk with two or three small gingham donkeys, somewhat used-up I observed, but still kicking, lying helplessly before him.

No one could possibly have been more cordial and warm-hearted both in his reception of the committee and the gift of books that they came to confer than was President Roosevelt. Mr. McCawley presented the volumes in a conversation with Mr. Roosevelt rather than in any formal way. The President commented with evident satisfaction on the fact that some excellent juveniles had been included in the library and also added that he was going to see to it that proper shelving space would be provided in one of the White House rooms, something which has hitherto been lacking. He asked how the library had been selected and requested the authors present to autograph their books. "There is no hurry," said he, "there is nothing on after this but a cabinet meeting."

Everyone was delighted with his geniality, the smile under the tired eyes that lit up the whole room that was full of gay talk, people laughing, others being presented, still others gathered about the long table, where the two hundred volumes were displayed, making a brave show. Because of the peculiarities of the government pens it was almost impossible to get the books autographed. The President was considerably amused by this and grinned when I remarked to him that now we knew where the Post Office Department sent all its old pens. "I sometimes use eighteen or twenty to sign one bill," he said, "but the souvenir hounds have something to do with that." We also learned that about five thousand volumes a year are presented to the President by authors or publishers. They are sent to the Congressional Library.

The gift to the nation from the American Booksellers, however, is to remain at the White House. I hope that I have made it plain that it was not only gratefully, but graciously received.

HERVEY ALLEN.

Oxford, Md.

A Keats Bibliography

SIR:—I have been engaged for some time in the compilation of a Bibliography of John Keats which I hope soon to have published. If any of your readers know of editions of Keats or critical items which might prove elusive, I shall appreciate hearing from them. Particularly, I desire information concerning academic theses and dissertations.

WARREN PERRY, *Librarian.*

College of Puget Sound,
Tacoma, Washington.

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Romain Rolland's Prophetic Novel

A WORLD IN BIRTH. Being Volume Five of "The Soul Enchanted." By Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Amalia de Alberti. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

AND so it ends, the long novel which Romain Rolland wrote between 1921 and 1933; the long novel that began as an intimate story of the two daughters of Raoul Rivière, Parisian architect, and that has overflowed its banks to sweep forward as the history of a world enduring the agonies of apparent death and possible resurrection. We have been almost a decade reading it, for the first volume, "Annette and Sylvie," appeared here in translation early in 1925, while the fifth and final volume has only just come from the press. And, having read it, what do we make of it all? Yes, of it all; for there is no judging the last instalment alone, despite the publisher's assurance that it constitutes an independent novel. We are confronted by a single narrative of more than two thousand pages, of which the action covers thirty-odd years,—pre-war, war, and post-war. A big work, certainly. But what quality is there in the bulk? Is there greatness here as well as size. The questions pose themselves.

They pose themselves, for here is a work that is conceived on the grand scale, with vast ambition, and executed with an independent disregard of conventional patterns, but one that evokes many controversial issues; that begins as a simple story, moving at a leisurely pace through the quiet days of an orderly world, and reaches its climax and its end in political pamphleteering that is at once eloquent and furious.

The wise reader would, perhaps, have foreseen this end. But I failed to do so. I had no suspicion of the volcano of passionate prophecy and propaganda that was to erupt from the last six hundred pages of M. Rolland's novel. I did not anticipate the sudden outburst of proselytizing energy born of a lethal hatred for one class in the class struggle, and of an almost mystical love for the opposing class.

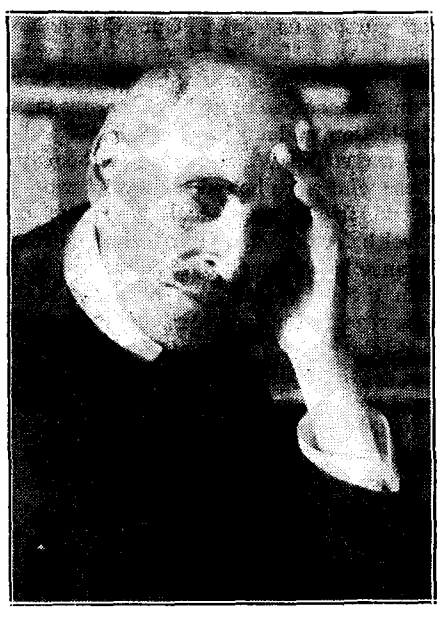
Fiction that turns into pamphleteering? Then this long narrative is not homogeneous; it begins as one thing and ends as another. So it would seem at first glance. But M. Rolland can advance cogent reasons in opposition to this judgment. He can argue that Annette and Marc, having begun their careers as individualists, were necessarily caught up in the great battle of their generation, and submerged in it, while contributing to it; and that, this being so, their historian was compelled to become a kind of pamphleteer, being unable, in any other role, to enunciate the true significance of their lives. He can even argue that in such a day as ours fiction which is not pamphleteering is devoid of force and meaning. Message is everything; let art take care of itself.

> Individualism, the free spirit, since the other war, has had its army of Metz and its Sedan. It has surrendered. What is left of it? A few shreds of flags, hidden in pockets, which are exhibited at private gatherings; or in safe palavers.
>
> There is only one sacred cause today. The cause of Labor, alone. All the rest, faith and culture, pure reason, social state—all must be rebuilt, from the beginning, upon the unshakable foundations of organized Labor. [Oh ye, of mighty faith, who can believe in unshakable foundations!]

Ponder these quotations well, and I think you will understand that M. Rolland will not be much disturbed by a charge of artistic failure, so long as his powers as a prophet and a pamphleteer are recognized. Romain Rolland sees himself at once in a castigating and a messianic role. With furious blows he belabors the exploiters of the old order: and simultaneously he exalts labor in all lands, and the glorious future which labor will create with its hands and brain, its humanitarian vision, and its *uncompromising faith*.

He comes before us, carrying a whip in one hand and a book of revelations in the other. But he also comes before us as a novelist, and so long as literature has a life of its own, so long as it has not been made entirely subservient to some form of social service, it is fair to judge him as a novelist. Here he must be judged, specifically, as the author of "The Soul Enchanted." And so judged, his stature shrinks. The writer of fiction is less than the preacher, less than the propagandist. He has power, but it is an intermittent power which is scornful of artistic bonds and bounds. Few writers are possessed of greater eloquence, but he often displays a lack of simple skill. The threads of his long narrative frequently fall slack, and he is sometimes clumsy in patching (as when he introduces a railway accident, and an important character, into his fifth volume, of which and of whom we should have heard in his fourth volume). His principal characters, with all their slowly awakening passion for humanity, seem strangely removed from the common clay we know. Their emotions are a little larger than life, verging too often on hysteria; their spiritual experiences too often escape from the realm of the explicable; their most casual conversations are frequently too cryptic or too highfalutin; and in too many of their aspects and actions they appear to have been imagined rather than observed. Another curious fact is that they are not solidly planted in any recognizable group of friends and acquaintances; they are singularly detached, they float. The great background of Western civilization is painted in bold strokes behind them, but their immediate background lacks definition. Because of all these facts they fail perfectly to incarnate the message their creator would deliver; now that the whole work is before us we can see that the integration of the novelist's fiction and the preacher's truth is faulty and incomplete. And there is one odd mistake which M. Rolland makes in "A World in Birth" that cannot be allowed to pass without comment. Suddenly he introduces himself, in his own person, into the narrative, thereby stepping down from his post of auctorial omniscience, and rending the veil of illusion asunder. The moment that he refers to Annette and Marc as real persons, capable of meeting the indubitably real Romain Rolland in the flesh, the gossamer web of fiction is rudely violated. This is the kind of blunder that could be made only by an author who had grown supremely, and fatally, careless through confidence in his own genius.

One can understand how he might be so confident, for that he has genius of a kind, as differentiated from talent, there is no doubt. But in his latest work it has been made to serve two masters, and it has served the one better than the other. Rol-



ROMAIN ROLLAND

land, the fiery prolocutor of Revolution and the Rights of Man, has been well served. Rolland, the novelist, has to a certain extent been betrayed. Saying this, I know that I am judging a man who believes in a new world, and in new literary values, by the standards of an old world whose values have been long established. The time may come when "The Soul Enchanted" will hold an honored place as one of the great pioneer works of Revolutionary fiction. But it is not for us to anticipate the brave new judgments of a brave new people.

The Odyssey of the *Bounty* Mutineers

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARCHIE BINNS

"PITCAIRN'S Island" is the third of the *Bounty* trilogy. Putting aside "Men Against the Sea," "Pitcairn's Island" is the mutineers' Odyssey and "Mutiny on the Bounty" their Iliad. It is true the physical wanderings of Christian and his followers end early in the book, when they land on Pitcairn's Island and burn the fateful *Bounty*. But there follow years of spiritual wanderings before they attain the peaceful island home of their search. As in the Odyssey, only one of the seafarers who set out lives to reach that haven. The others, together with the native men who accompanied them, die in adventures as mad and strange as any that befell the crew of Odysseus. Some of their adventures are indeed the same. Compare the drunken Elpenor, falling to his death from the roof of Circe's house, and the drunken McCoy plunging to his death from the bluffs of Pitcairn. For the mutineers, too, visited the house of Circe and were changed into swine. Only two managed to regain their human form.

As in the Odyssey, the misfortunes which overtook Christian's crew on Pitcairn were chiefly of their own making—bearing out the ancient observation that sailors cannot behave themselves on shore. And Pitcairn's Island was too small for its inhabitants to escape from themselves or the consequences of their acts.

There are other classical parallels. The heroic Greek mothers, Athenian or Spartan, never surpassed the women of Pitcairn's Island in some of their exploits. As when, for example, the men had made the island a living hell, with horror piled on horror, the women, with their little children, launched an open cutter through heavy breakers and attempted the impossible voyage to Tahiti, 1,200 miles away.

Whether one prefers the Iliad or the Odyssey is chiefly a matter of temperament. Personally I prefer the Odyssey, and I prefer "Pitcairn's Island" to "Mutiny on the Bounty" or "Men Against the Sea." Not everyone will agree with me. In many ways Messrs. Nordhoff and Hall had the most difficult task in writing the present book. Instead of working from accurate and detailed contemporary documents they were obliged to sift and reconcile contradictory word-of-mouth accounts, given long afterward. They also had to explain a great deal of almost incredible human behavior and present acts which would have turned to the wildest melodrama in less able hands. It can be said at once that the authors were equal to their task. Where they had to guess and reconstruct they guessed and reconstructed well. While all of their story cannot be the precise truth about what happened it is probably as near the truth as we will ever know. Out of the available sources—sometimes sketchy and sometimes luxuriant with divergent accounts—they have built a plausible, three-dimensional human story of great depth and terror and beauty.

"Pitcairn's Island" is a book which will richly reward any reader. The extent of the reward, and its nature, will depend largely on what the reader brings to the book. To some it will be a superb story of adventure and conflict, to others a fascinating human document, and to still others a profoundly significant study of civilization, with Pitcairn's Island as a microcosm, shut off from all contact with the outer world for nearly twenty years by the lonely sea, while the mutineers and their women and children worked out their destinies and achieved a civilization which was later described by visitors as a veritable Golden Age.

To women readers, this book should be a source of pride. With the possible exception of Christian, there were no heroes among the men on Pitcairn's Island. With few exceptions, the women were truly heroic. Without their Amazonian exploits the island would soon have become an island of the dead or of utter bestiality. This is one of the book's many problems for the student of civilization. The allegedly savage women brought from Tahiti moved patiently and heroically toward civilization in its finest sense, while the allegedly civilized white men disintegrated and perished through their own savagery and folly.

It may be argued that the men were driven to something like madness by the narrow confines of their island. If so, what will happen when communications have shrunk the world to the size of Pitcairn's Island in 1790? Will Amazons again come to the rescue of civilization?

HELEN HULL. *Photo by Pinchot.*

As We Were

MORNING SHOWS THE DAY. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

WITH those intelligent and practised novelists who are today undertaking the task of depicting the American Scene, Helen Hull must be definitely reckoned. From her first book her work has shown her to be a true craftsman whose respect for her tools never tolerates shiftless or slovenly lapses. Her stories rise from their solid foundations like sturdy colonial houses designed by honest architects. Her rooms are well-proportioned, her ceilings the right height, her fire-places draw perfectly, and there is plenty of closet space. Moreover, her landscaping and interior decorating are always harmonious and sometimes subtle. Of course you may not care for colonial houses or the people who live in them. Then it is not for you that Miss Hull is writing.

In this her newest novel Miss Hull has chosen for her theme the fact that if we look carefully enough into the morning we will find that little breezes presage the afternoon's whirlwind. In the first half of the book therefore we are taken back to the sunny guileless mornings of a Mid-Western town, into the family circles of a group of high-school boys and girls whose circumscribed lives are yet untouched by Mr. Ford, radios, or Hollywood. These seven adolescents are bound together only through the accident of having been born, with a few thousand others, into this Michigan town, and through having been chosen to the editorial board of the high-school year-book. From school we follow them in their relations to each other and to their families, until when fully grown they are swept, as we all have been, into the confusion of an exploded ideology.

Everything Miss Hull tells us about these young people is almost disturbingly real. And when you have the author's picture of the unescapable shell which their homes impose, you know fairly well what will be the life pattern of each. It is all as logical as a geometrical problem. But so, if we were all-knowing, life itself might seem. Let us be grateful to Miss Hull that she can make the commonplace not only interesting, but exciting. Read, for example, her description of the distracted and newly awakened Shirley at the hospital awaiting the verdict upon Allen's medical examination. An exciting

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bit of tense realistic writing, that, and there are others which, if not quite so dramatic, still repeatedly affirm her penetrating and sensitive perceptions.

Why, then, is it that when Miss Hull knows so much about us, when she has learned to tell a story with dignity and restraint, her people only momentarily become breathing human beings? They are such excellent portraits, so readily recognizable at a glance, but they remain in the memory as pictures, not people. Is it perhaps because they are a little too typical? With admirable clarity we are shown youth,—ambitious, covetous, vain, straining at the leash of parental control,—and we agree boys and girls are like that. But what of the generosity of spirit, the passion for fulfilment, the aching, inarticulate searchings of adolescence? These are as truly youth, and of these we are given no hint, although we are given to believe that our seven are the pick of their class. As for mothers, although we have been told in a hundred novels and plays how horrid they are, we still don't believe that if you took seven at random they would all turn out to be so futile or hateful as are Miss Hull's. Is it possible that Miss Hull knows us better than she likes us? Or hates us? For to paint a living man, whether in words or in colors, you must either love or hate him. A too great detachment and you become a scientist or a photographer.

Drama in Seahampton

ELIZABETH. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

THE dejected streets of Seahampton, a small gray town on a gray sea, look unpromising enough at first glance, the gloomy houses are not, you might imagine, likely to lodge particularly interesting people. But Mr. Swinnerton's shrewdness can dispense with surfaces. Given human material he can discover drama lurking tense, dark, and hidden beneath a drab exterior. In Seahampton he finds much to reveal. Lifting a curtain here, opening a door there, he discloses his characters against their warm or bleak or sordid backgrounds, living a bit of their lives; the curtain falls, the door shuts, but one has had time to judge and know these people, and later when one encounters them in the course of the story, one is interested in them and their interlocking histories. Certain among them, lifted by wealth and character above the intensely living, scheming, furtively passionate generality are, it must be confessed, less absorbing to the reader. The Swifts who live so charmingly and with such leisure in the "Admiral's House" outside Seahampton, seem almost insipid in their pastel colors beside the sharp black and white of the townsfolk, and their lovely daughter Elizabeth, compact of sweetness and light, pales beside that other Elizabeth, Eliza Cordell, whose life drags itself out bitterly in a dreary house on a dreary street. Eliza, who has a long pale face and eyes like "very dark carnelians," who is all sharpness and spite and cleverness, with a flair second only to Mr. Swinnerton's for detecting people's weaknesses and concealments, is the most interesting character in the book, and one is fascinated by her struggles and her frustrations and her disagreeablenesses.

"Elizabeth" is a clever and absorbing novel, and Mr. Swinnerton's penetrations are always entertaining and profitable. He has a way of summing up certain traits of a character that makes one intensely curious about the whole man. But there is an artificiality in the handling of the plot, and a reliance on coincidence, that diminish the book's importance. Also the drama is spread a little thin over a large cast and certain personages even appear superfluous. One reads with greatest interest those parts of the book that are restricted to the intensified consciousness of one person undergoing some brutal stress or other. When Mr. Swinnerton writes of quiet country life, of people who have "arrived,"—or who have always been there—he is incomparably less interesting than when he is the dramatist of life that is narrow and striving and obscure.

The BOWLING GREEN

IX. Buenaventura

THE steamship company's folder tries earnestly (in a brief prose passage which is a miracle of suppression) to give the idea that Buenaventura is just another picturesque town. And so, some day, I dare say it will be. But at present it is far more interesting (if you don't have to stay there long) than the most romantic arrangement of plazas and basilicas—and night clubs. (Night in Buenaventura would be something really worth seeing.) Your first feeling is one of dismay: is it possible, you naively wonder, that all South America is going to be like this? Our excellent skipper must have been amused when an eager passenger asked him "Where's the best place in this town to have lunch?" His answer was brief, immediate, and surprisingly true. "Right here." And the motley throng on the pier (every shade of black, brown, and lemon) know that well. All the time the ship is alongside the galley ports are besieged by uplifted palms eager for our overplus. An apple, I noticed, is a delicacy they specially prize.

I don't think it's possible to give you any fair notion of Buenaventura: you wouldn't believe me if I did. And I think frankly that perhaps I like it better because it plainly has so much future and so little past—at any rate architecturally. If there ever were any comely old Spanish buildings they were wiped out in the fire a few years ago. Between the modern piers and the rabble of scantling huts that make up the native town is a wide open space, where future streets and plazas are hopefully indicated and where grasshoppers or crickets of some sort are stridulating in the coarse grass. The new railroad station and town hall are under construction. Then there is the little square with the statue of Bolivar: but you will realize how humble Buenaventura is when you see that the Liberator had to do without his usual horse.

Only the very daring tourist makes entry very far into the native town. Life there, under a sullen climate of heat and wet (I was told, very likely inaccurately, that the rainfall averages near an inch a day) reduces to prime elements. The narrow alleys climb steep grades of slimy clay; rickety cabins perch on piles over quagmires of litter and sewage. Perpetual sluice of rain, and a high tide from the bay which sweeps up a gully in the heart of the whole midden, presumably help to keep off plague. The naked babies everywhere are so black that there seems almost a blue tone in the pigment. I wonder if it is a diet of bananas and fish that so bulges out their little paunches? The women and girls all carry on their heads long shallow wooden bowls with a few handfuls of beans or green sass in them. One of those bowls, if you could ever get it properly clean, would make a beautiful sideboard ornament. A delicacy which a small boy tried hard to sell us was ears of corn sprinkled with sugar (and flies). I think he lingers in Titania's mind as in some odd way symbolic of the place. "He was so black," she says, "and the corn was so yellow."

The assembly of fortuitous dogs is extraordinary; you would not believe that even the haphazards of canine congress could produce such amazements of surprise breeding. Almost equally haphazard seemed the strings and tangles of electric wiring crisscrossing everywhere among the flimsy streets; it is not surprising that the more pretentious part of the town burned down a few years ago. Besides electric light, the Singer sewing machine (one of the world's triumphs of distribution) has made lively penetration. And the favorite footgear of man, when any is worn, are sandals cut out of old automobile tires—the black treaded rubber of the outer tire for sole, strips of red inner tube for the straps.

I have no economic thesis to offer, and no pleasure (ever, anywhere) but to set down what I see. As a gateway to South America Buenaventura is certainly superb for it is unlikely you will ever have seen or imagined anything like it, unless perhaps in Cutcliffe Hyne's stories of Captain Kettle in the villages of West Africa. But what makes it melodramatic is the contrast between the big modern piers, with their shiny new automobiles being unloaded, the neat bags of coffee coming aboard; and the squalor of the native town behind. In spite of which, observe the cleanness of many of those on the pier. The cotton trousers and singlets are fresh washed; the dresses are crisp and of gay colors. And wander as you will you will see faces certainly happier looking than in the mean streets of New York. He must be very wise or very certain who will be too positive about the laws of human satisfaction.

I think as a matter of fact we caught Buenaventura just at some turn of economic tide. Even in the three weeks interval until we were there again things had happened. On our second visit they had actually started to put in some kind of drainage; men were digging deep cuttings in the pale wet clay; and the most unhappy looking person I saw there was an American engineer sitting on a box supervising a group of workmen toiling in a sewage trench. Some of his gang were splitting wood with a machete to light a fire and melt some lead. I offered them a cardboard folder of matches to start the blaze. They were puzzled to know how to light matches of that sort; evidently had never seen them before.

⁂ ⁂

The morning train for Cali (the Ferrocarril del Pacifico) was just leaving as we docked; so our Colombian passengers—including the very kind General who gave one of the children some beautiful stamps—must stay over at the hotel on the beach until the next day. That hotel (run by the railroad company, I think) is an epitome of the hotels in distant ports described by Conrad or Somerset Maugham. Here we drank some good beer and bought postal cards. The queue of small black supplicants—whom we had rashly encouraged by giving away some small coins—could not pursue us there. Our Colombian friends were falling to upon their almuerzo with good spirit, be we felt our Spanish incompetent to the dangerous task of selection; and anyhow the Captain's advice was sound. We had lunch on the ship. Those who were bound for the interior—Bogotá, for instance—had three days of travel before them, although the bee-line distance is not much over 200 miles. The train that leaves Buenaventura at 11.30 a. m. reaches Cali at 6 p. m. and there you spend the night. You leave Cali early next day, get to Armenia for lunch, and then go five hours by motor bus over the mountains to Ibagué. Another night at Ibagué; leave there 10:15 a. m., you reach Bogotá at 6:15 p. m. the third day. Always a lover of time tables I ferreted out this information (but I don't guarantee these connections) just to tantalize myself. It was one of the many things we had to miss; but at least it's exciting to know how it can be done. And now you can realize also why travel by air is increasing so inevitably in South America. The hangars of the Panagra Airways are plainly visible just across the river from the pier.

After lunch I fought off lethargy and wandered the docks and railway sidings. I said to myself, with a surmise almost as wild as the Spaniards' in the sonnet, here I am in South America. For just those two words, I don't know why, had always been to me a label for the superlative in the distant and unlikely. Perhaps it is their musical cadence, the one slow syllable and four quick, which makes them sound to me more remote, more beautiful, than the name of any other geometry—except perhaps California and Czecho-Slovakia. The strangeness and poverty of the place was emphasized by the handsome profile of *Santa Maria* with her smart green funnels rising high above the sheds. In places so foreign the mind seeks instinctively to make them feel homelike to the mind; even if it is only the tough grass and rubble heaps of a dockside freight-spur one reflects that they are closely familiar to *someone*. The sleepy hum of insects, under a furious prostration of sun, made the scene couth and agreeable to me. There were mechanical reminders too of familiar things. The travelling crane on the pier came from Ipswich in East Anglia, a town dear to me; the locomotive loitering thirstily under a water tank was built by Baldwin of Philadelphia. These two were prophetic of much seen later: British and American capital side by side working at these far resources. Romulus and Remus at the udders of the big bad wolf of South America. Indeed, if you are going to go fantastic, you can well think of that chain of Andes peaks as the inverted dugs of some vast animal mother—offering such nourishment of natural wealth as even the conquistadores scarcely dreamed.

I was amused at a characteristic remark uttered by a very intelligent Englishman on the ship, a veteran of the West Coast returning after many years' absence. "What a pity," he said, "that the English or the Americans didn't get hold of these republics and make real countries out of them." (He put it a little more strongly than that.) This comment, superbly appropriate to our grasping race, leads into an infinity of meditation. For my own part perhaps I am grateful to see the spread of English and American efficiency occasionally checkmated. It has already gone farther and deeper in South America than you would ever suppose. But under the hull of an old blistered launch, pulled up in the shade of a tottering tin roof, lay two Colombian citizens blissfully asleep. No matter how much cargo *Santa Maria* had to shift before the evening tide they were going to enjoy their siesta. I was pleased too by a humane touch in a poster at the railroad station on the jetty. It said that the Ferrocarril del Pacifico in hiring employees gives preference to fathers of families.

⁂ ⁂

Buenaventura may seem remote to you, but it is closely tied in with the ever-tightening web of human affairs. At the alcade's office is a notice that the next lot of hombres due for military service will be called up on such and such a date. (If the recent trouble between Colombia and Peru had come to formal warfare Buenaventura would have been the first to suffer.) Those innocent looking green knolls across the river are said to have concealed guns; and on the pier are huge cases containing airplanes from Hagerstown, Md., addressed to the Minister of War. Up at the far end of the pier was an elderly steam cutter which seemed to constitute the Pacific squadron of the Colombian navy. She was built in Normandy and had once been very smart but her crew were gutting fish all over her deck and her brasswork was foul. Her name was *Carabobo*, which sounds Venezuelan to me; she had a most taking air of one who could tell good stories.

There's enormous wealth of goods in those big piers, but perhaps not much of it sticks to the fingers of Buenaventura. The parson of the tin-roofed church just behind the piers has his troubles. As it is time for another lesson in Spanish I cannot resist the thesis in manuscript fastened to the church door. It said:—

En lugar de venir a pedirme dinero prestado, tenga usted la gentileza de ayudarme a pagar 1500 *dólares que debo a la Casa de José Campanyá de Barcelona por le imagen del Resuscitado y la de San José. Precisamente por haberles prestado a hombres sin conciencia me aprietan las deudas.*

EL CURA.

This I construe as follows: "Instead of coming to beg me to lend money, have the kindness to help me pay $1500 which I owe to the Joseph Campanyá Company of

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Barcelona for the image of the Resurrection and that of St. Joseph. Precisely for having lent money to men without conscience these debts are pressing me."

We went into the church, which was clean, spacious and touchingly simple, to see these images. One of George Fox's persuasion might think there is much to be said on both sides.—But the priest has other perplexities too. He has posted up a long dissertation on Marriage covering all the points both civil and ecclesiastical. *Si la mujer es aficionada a los bailes, facilmente despreciara a su marido y sobrevendran graves disensiones domesticas.* I wonder if I translate this correctly: "If the woman is fond of dancing she will easily become scornful of her husband and grave domestic dissensions will ensue."—Or is it the husband who will become scornful of her?

(To be continued)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Maine Childhood

LOST PARADISE. By Robert P. Tristram Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by RACHEL FIELD

BOOKS of personal recollection demand more of the reader than other types of writing. It is the proverbial case of flint and steel, for a reminiscence, to be effective, must strike an answering spark in another memory. The "pleasure of recognition" was what my rhetoric book used to call this quality in writing, and for the country bred, more especially the New England bred, "Lost Paradise," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin, will satisfy in just such fashion.

It is a nostalgic account of a singularly happy small-boyhood that Mr. Coffin has written. He speaks through the long, night thoughts of a boy in his first months of Academy schooling, away from the salt-water farm which he had grown to fit as a northern spruce will root itself tenaciously between pasture boulders. This boy feels instinctively that he is being transplanted and he clings to every remembered sight and sound and smell of what must later turn into his own peculiar lost Eden. Mr. Coffin, through the medium of this homesick schoolboy, writes with lyric wistfulness and botanical accuracy of remembered leaves and flowers and berries; of the smell of fish and spruce needles and apples and blueberry pie. He conjures for himself, and for us, the wonder of turning up fresh sod on the great day when the hired man let him plow that first row; of the soft texture of a cow's flank as his head pressed against it while he milked in the lantern-lit barn; of the long, deliriously sweet and frosty fall Saturdays when the whole family helped gather and bring back the apple crop in scow-loads from Apple Tree Cove.

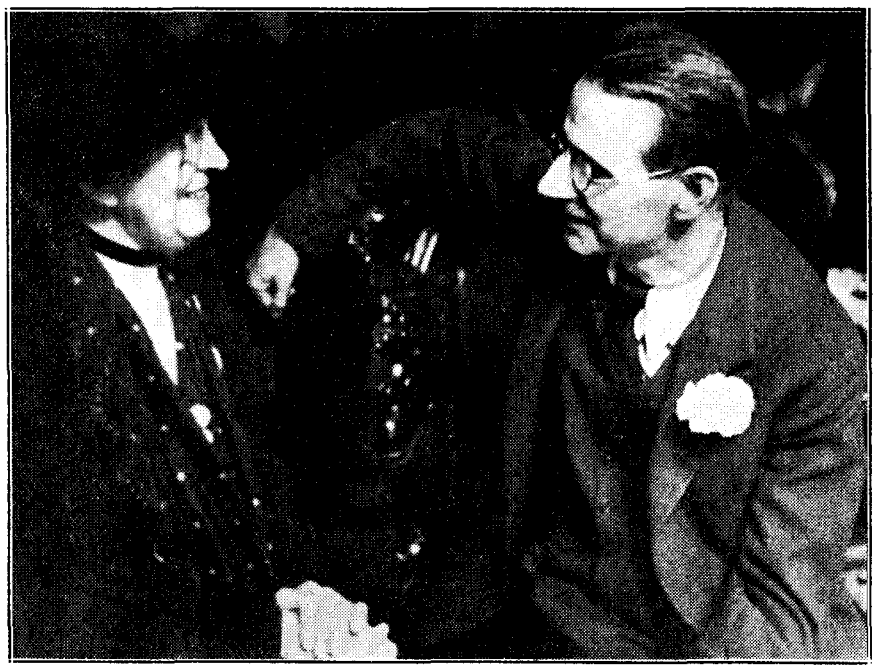
Mr. Coffin writes with special ease and skill of neighbors and farm hands; of queer country characters; of Civil War Veterans and coasting captains, who were even then beginning to dwindle with the turn of the Maine tide of shipping prosperity. He is at his best, it seems to me, in giving us back their pithy speech. His Uncle Thomas and the seal-poaching episode is full flavored, and his portrait of the favorite hired man and his pathetic end is a true and beautifully remembered fragment. The father, although so much space is given to him, seems less real to me because of too much eulogizing. The boy knew him too intimately and admired him too much ever to put him on paper with the clear, crisp strokes he could summon for less loved characters. Indeed if there is any fault to find with Mr. Coffin's method it is that he is overgenerous at times. He is too lavish with his sights and sounds and smells, so that sometimes the reader grows surfeited.

Mr. Coffin writes with authority of the coast of Maine, and to love and give oneself completely to any corner of the world is something that cannot be explained or reasoned about. Sometimes it makes one lose all sense of proportion and again it may kindle a few words set on paper, to the very shape and color of an island, or an apple, or the striding figure of a man with a little boy beside him. "The spirit of place" is in this book, and its pages are salty and warm with morning sun.

Exile's Return, and Other Celebrations

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli

Interviewers meet Gertrude Stein on board the Champlain, *as she returns for a visit after thirty-one years abroad. "Why don't you write as you talk?"*



Sean O'Casey, the Irish playwright, photographed on his arrival in New York for the production of his latest play, "Within the Gates." He is talking with the social historian, Ida M. Tarbell.

"I write as words come up naturally to me. I think I write as I talk. . . . I do talk as I write, but you can hear better than you can see."

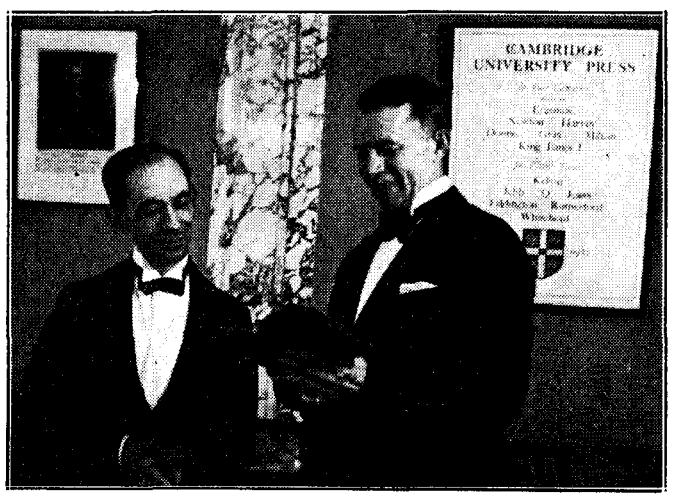
"I like to talk to people. I am always wandering about the streets having conversations with people. I like single human contacts. . . ."

Vera Brittain, the author of "Testament of Youth," arrives from England for an American lecture tour.

A. G. Macdonell, Scottish satirist of his adopted country in "England, Their England," has come to look us over.

Irving Stone, author of "Lust for Life," autographs his novel for a customer at the Gotham Book Mart in New York.

Frederick W. Goudy, guest of honor at the National Arts Club, exhibits his ninety-second type face.



The Cambridge University Press celebrates its 400th anniversary with an exhibit at the New York Public Library. Here the librarian in charge of rare books talks with Sir Gerald Campbell (right), British Consul-General.

Striking office workers of the Macaulay Company, publishers, at a tea with friends and well-wishers. Present are Isidor Schneider (second from left), Louis Adamic (center of picture), and next to him Konrad Bercovici.

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Horace Gregory
in the N. Y. Herald Tribune

"Were I to make a choice for the Pulitzer award, **THE EXECUTIONER WAITS** would be my one selection."

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THE EXECUTIONER WAITS
by Josephine Herbst
AUTHOR OF "PITY IS NOT ENOUGH"

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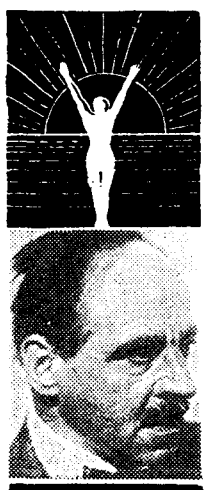
"WINE FROM THESE GRAPES"
BY EDNA ST VINCENT MILLAY



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By JACOB **WASSERMANN**

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Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club

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LIVERIGHT NEW YORK

New Decalogues of Drinking

(*Continued from first page*)

the producer (and American agriculture is hardly in a position to refuse favors), benefits the government through legitimate taxation, and adds to the sum total of human contentment. Ex-Premier Sarraut of France was by no means talking nonsense when he stated, a few months ago, that "the world, in these difficult days, is suffering from a grave underconsumption of wine."

Nevertheless, it is upon this belief, general, despite the Twenty-first Amendment, in the United States, this belief that abstinence is somehow praiseworthy and somehow fine, that the strange and wonderful edifice of American liquor legislation is based. One finds gentlemen who are able to regard almost all other questions with the dispassionate eyes of the true liberal advocating high liquor taxes to the end that the person who wishes to drink, drink less. At the same time, these liberals, with Mr. Lippmann, are convinced that the annual liquor bill of the United States is far too high.

Most of those who are now writing about wine, whether their attitude be that of a connoisseur or of a political commentator, seem to have forgotten, or seem all too ready to profit by the fact that many of their readers have forgotten, that "wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used." They have invented decalogues of drinking, a complicated etiquette of entertaining; we find tables of vintage years spread for our delectation in the daily papers, a vast array of glasses held up as the absolute *sine qua non* for the home. In short, wine has been, since last December, transformed, as far as polite America is concerned, from a beverage into a ritual.

If this ritual were based on anything but snobbishness and half-knowledge, things would not be so bad. But instead, we find Mr. Owen Johnson announcing that one should never drink red wine straight through a meal (which is utter nonsense), and a bevy of ladies stating, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, that "Montrachet is one of the better Chablis" (it is, of course, not a Chablis at all), that it is wrong to drink wine with any dish that has been prepared with wine (what is one expected to drink with such dishes?), and that "Claret glasses resemble baby tumblers." If such absurdities were confined to the perishable pages of our periodicals, things, again, would not be so bad. But one finds oneself asked by reputable publishers to pay two dollars for "wine guides" which are, from cover to cover, encyclopedias of œnological ignorance, which are wholly fiction, and bad fiction at that.

It is difficult to say which one of the recently published wine books is really the worst. "Wining and Dining with Rhyme and Reason" has, I believe, the highest percentage of error (I picked up, on first reading, 106 mistakes in its 128 pages); "Bacchus Behave!" is, to me at least, the most offensive; and "Wine Wise," a California product, is the most pernicious. Of the others, E. and J. Van Maanen-Helmer's "What to Do about Wines" is wholly elementary but comparatively sound; "The Browns" have managed to crowd, into the thirty-odd pages that they devote to wines and liqueurs in their "Wine Cook Book," some fifty-odd mistakes; Allan Taylor, although he has apparently read the works of Mr. Shand too well if not very wisely, and although he reproduces the labels of, and seems to recommend, the wines of a French merchant who has been twice convicted of fraud in the last decade, has written a book ("What Everybody Wants to Know about Wine") which is better than most; Julian Street's "Wines" is, on the whole, the best of a bad lot.

In "Wining and Dining with Rhyme and Reason," D. T. Carlisle and Elizabeth Dunn have created something which collectors of Americana cannot afford to be without, a book rich in unconscious humor, a unique and precious record of what Prohibition has done for the United States. From the drawings, which are Mr. Carlisle's, one learns that one should open a bottle of champagne with a corkscrew, that Bordeaux bottles and Burgundy bottles have the same shape, and have their corks wired down, and that the historic Bocksbeutel, in which the wines of Franconia are shipped, is very like a Chianti fiasco.

In the text, which is a curious combination of quotations (often without benefit of quotation marks) from P. Morton Shand and H. Warner Allen, and what passes for poetry, one is informed that one should *never* ice a dry champagne (which is ridiculous), that Vino de Pasto is a sweet sherry (it is one of the dryest sherries made), that Pouilly (which is extremely pale and extremely dry) is "deep golden, sweeter than Chablis, something like Sauternes," that "practically all German wines are estate-bottled" (they are not), that the Clos de Vougeot is a "vineyard saluted by all French soldiers" (it was once so saluted, by a regiment in command of Colonel Bisson), and that Moulin à Vent is a white wine. One is also told that Rhine wines are extremely short-lived (which is nonsense) and at their best at "four to six years old"; the authors follow this statement with a list of vintage years, and include no year since 1926. Similarly, readers are vouchsafed a list of "good recent years in cognac," whereas it is unfortunately the truth that no vintage cognac is fit to drink before the age of thirty. The last two lines in the book broadcast the rather surprising news that "American Wines and How to Make Them" was written by the late T. Earle Welby of London, and that Mr. Philip Wagner is the author of "The Cellar Key." Mr. Carlisle and Miss Dunn state in their introduction that they "just had to" write this book; it would seem that necessity was, once more, the mother of invention.

"Bacchus Behave!" (the exclamation point is significant) appeared last fall, with a whole series of Hollywood testimonials on its jacket, and immediately received, naturally enough, the benediction of Mr. Louis Mouquin. Its author, Miss Alma Whitaker, is a well-known writer of news from Hollywood, and her guide to "polite drinking" is permeated with the glamorous atmosphere of what Ring Lardner once called the "moon pitchers." We are told, right at the beginning, that we must never drink alone, though why a person who is dining by himself should be forbidden everything but water, Miss Whitaker does not say. We are also told that some West Coast connoisseurs prefer a "French brand" of sherry (there is no such thing) to "Monteledo," whatever that may be, that connoisseurs (presumably the same ones) will tell you that no champagne less than twenty years old is fit to drink (when twenty years is the average life of a good champagne), that Bourbon is very inferior whiskey, and that wine-makers have "the souls of artists."

Mr. Horatio Stoll's book, "Wine Wise," is more straightforward than these, and consists largely of an attempt to justify the appropriation, by California wine producers, of European wine names. Some idea of the author's œnological erudition may be gathered from his statement that France produces two "types" of *dry* white wine—"Sauterne" (which, of course, is one of the sweetest natural wines in the world) and Chablis, while the "German types" are Riesling and Moselle (all good Moselles, needless to say, are made from the Riesling grape).

As far as mistakes are concerned, however, the jewel of jewels, the flower of flowers, the *Marguerite des Marguerites,* has been produced by the Browns. On page 412 of their "Wine Cook Book," about the middle of the brief but hilarious chapter which they devote to liqueurs, they announce that "native rums as well as Spanish brandies . . . go by a generic name: *Aguardiente,* 'Water for the Teeth.'" It seems strange that the *ardens Falernum* of which Horace wrote is not described as a mouth-wash. One would think that this would be enough, but it does not seem to be enough for the Browns. They mention, by implication, the well-known French liqueur, *Vieille Cure,* but spell it *Vieille Curé,* and translate it "the old curate"; they mention, among French brandies other than Cognac, Fine Champagne and Eau-de-Vie, whereas Cognac is an Eau-de-Vie and Fine Champagne is a Cognac. They say that Moselle, which "has the character of a thin Rhine wine, but with less natural flavor," is "doctored" with elder flowers—which is a prepos-

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terous libel on one of the best and purest of wines. They say that Malvasia (which is made in Greece, Italy, France, Spain, and Madeira from the Malvasia grape) is "produced at Malvasia in the Canary Islands," that Först, which is the best-known wine-producing town of the Bavarian Palatinate, is in Rhenish Hessia, that most of the Hessian wines are red and made, of all places, in Rüdesheim, that Port should be served "with the cigarettes after dinner," that Banyuls is a Muscatel (it is not), that the French, "if they partake of champagne . . . drink only *Brut* or *Nature*" (they drink mostly *demi-sec*). And so on.

It is hardly surprising that these books, written to take advantage of a moment when we are all turning into what Miss Whitaker calls "epicureans," should be bad. For it is discouraging to find, if one reads at all widely on the subject, how very few of the existing, non-technical books on wine are based upon original research. Let a real authority such as Mr. Shand (whose knowledge of French wines is monumental, although he seems to know very little about the wines of Italy and Spain) allow a typographical error ("Montbazillac" for Monbazillac, for example, or "Rüdersheim" for Rüdesheim), to slip into his text, the mistake promptly becomes embalmed in English letters. Mr. Shand, Mr. Allen, and Mr. André Simon (who writes for the Encyclopædia Britannica on wine, though fortunately not on geography, since he states, in his "Blood of the Grape," that Vesuvius is in Sicily), alone among writers on the subject, would seem to possess a really thorough first-hand knowledge. Even Mr. Philip Wagner, whose "American Wines and How to Make Them" is, for the most part, both authoritative and sound, is rather beyond his depth in Europe, imagining Osterreich, for example, to be a town on the Rhine.

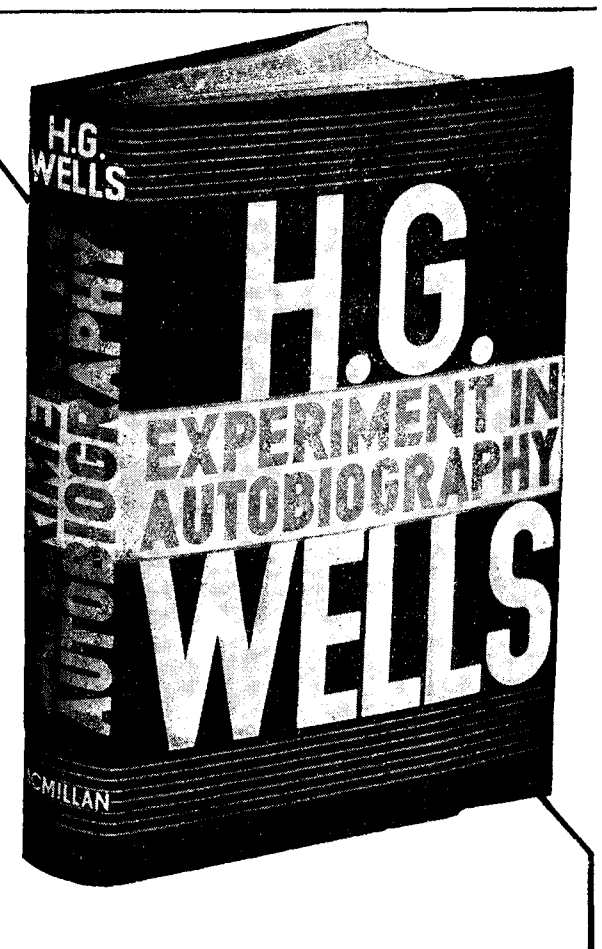
"What Everybody Wants to Know About Wine" contains a good deal of useful information, and a good many flagrant, though not particularly serious, errors. Grignolino, for example, is not amber in color, but deep red; and the *solera* is not, as both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Shand imagine, "the essence of good sherry"; it is the system by which good sherry, and all good sherry, is aged. "What to Do about Wines" is a pleasant enough little book, fairly accurate as to fact although rather amateurishly written, but, in view of the fact that it contains not a word about Tokay, no mention of Italian wine, nothing concerning the wines of the Rhone, or of Spanish wines other than sherry, it can scarcely be called, its publishers to the contrary notwithstanding, "comprehensive." Of the several wine pamphlets which have come to my attention, perhaps the most scholarly is published by what terms itself "Canapé Parade," in Scarborough; in this, Mr. Carlton Stringer reproduces what are unquestionably the worst wine glasses I have ever seen, and mentions the two principal classes of champagne—the "dry" (sec) or sweet (brut)"; alas! dry (sec) champagne contains between four and five percent of sugar syrup by volume, and brut less than one percent.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Julian Street, whose "Wines" is in many ways the best of the season's crop, had to rely to so considerable an extent on the statements of others. Had Mr. Street visited Jerez, for example, he would scarcely have defined Manzanilla as "dry sherry of better quality than Vino de Pasto," when it is not a "quality" of sherry at all, but a wine, good or bad, having a distinctive and unmistakable taste and coming from the town of San Lúcar de Barrameda, twenty miles from Jerez. It is also to be regretted that Mr. Street saw fit to include at the beginning of his book so inaccurate a chart of vintage years as that furnished him by Bellows & Co.

America cannot hope to produce, by hurrying a law or two through Congress, a state of affairs that will foster intelligent and moderate drinking. And no more can Americans, by poring for ten days or a fortnight over hastily written books, make themselves into connoisseurs of wine. Repeal, it is important to remember, was not an end but a beginning.

* *

Frank Schoonmaker is wine correspondent of The New Yorker.



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Felix Salten's Story of a Royal Horse

FLORIAN. By Felix Salten. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

SINCE the overthrow of the Austrian Empire, the Imperial Spanish Riding School has been maintained by a few devoted officers, determined to preserve the historic breed of Lippizzan horses and their traditional accomplishments; to keep up the establishment, the horses have been shown in London and elsewhere, and so are now perhaps better known to foreigners than when they were a part of the Emperor's menage. We have seen pictures of that unmistakable strain, with thick bodies, arching necks, and curving ram-noses, like the horse of Bartlemmeo Colleoni. We have, too, read accounts of their accomplishments, which have a technical vocabulary like that of the classical ballet, the dance steps in which they mark time, rear and make a quarter-turn on their haunches, throw out their hind feet backward and their fore feet forward, and all the rest. And very likely we have judged the Lippizzan horses as less beautiful than either the race-horse or the weight-carrier, and their accomplishments (whatever is claimed for their original value in cavalry warfare) as one of the extraordinary methods of wasting energy which are developed at a Court.

To any one who has thought so, "Florian" will be a revelation, comparable to the revelation of "Nijinsky" to those who thought the ballet a triviality. Here Herr Salten has turned the exquisite sympathy he showed in "Bambi" to the far harder task of portraying the less eventful and less natural life of a domestic animal—of Florian, the finest foal of Lippizza, the greatest stallion in the Spanish Riding School, the lead-horse of the Emperor's carriage.

We see Florian first in his touching, longlegged, playful babyhood; we join the little circle of devotion that binds him, his stable-boy Anton, and the terrier Bosco; we are made to see so perfectly the horse's growing magnificence that it inspires a kind of awe; and when we go to the Spanish Riding School, where Florian with the flowering instinct of generations learns the paces with ease and pride, we are made to realize that for the spectators, the rider, and for the horse himself this dance has the authentic ecstasy of art. For the rider the control of this grandeur is an extension of his personality—King Edward VII is made to say that it fills him with an emotion which is "erotic and heroic." But for the horse, too, this submission to an intelligence recognized as greater than his own, this exertion of his strength in strict discipline, in pride like the racer's pride in his speed, this is the consummation of Florian's life. The reading becomes an unforgettable experience.

There is however one inherent difficulty which Herr Salten has not quite been able to overcome. Florian is born to the purple, to conquest, to perfection, and there is the unavoidable danger of monotony. The author tries to avoid this partly by dropping hints of the coming war of 1914, and as one reads one steels oneself against being harrowed by Florian's fate, but as the book goes on and on and the peace of Europe is kept, one illogically begins to grow impatient for it. The author does better at avoiding a monotony of happiness by changing the picture to the Imperial Court. But this is only an interlude, from which we come back to Florian. And the war, when at last it comes, is also an interlude. The author is jealous of his hero's happiness. He defers the war to the very end, hurries over it, softens Florian's misfortunes as a cab-horse as much as he can, and in the end shows him, back in the country, retired from active service into a pasture, poor but content, like some old philosophic nobleman.

That is as it should be, for the real theme of the book is the perfect horse, perfectly trained. That is what he sets out to give, and what we shall remember. "Florian" is a statement of perfection, and like all successes in that difficult attempt, to read it is an ennobling experience.

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The New Books

Fiction

THE TAKING OF THE GRY. By John Masefield. Macmillan. 1934. $1.75.

"Gry" is the gypsy word for horse—one remembers the jingle in "Lavengro" about "the gry of the farming rye"—and in this book is the name of a ship with a carved demi-horse for a figure-head. The *Gry* was loaded with munitions, and so was essential to the success of the Nationalist party in one of the Central American republics which Mr. Masefield has invented and used as the scene of several earlier romances. The book is the story of how the hero, a young English sailor, and his Latin friend, succeed in getting the *Gry* away from the crew placed aboard to guard her (by the same ruse essentially as in the historic Koepenick affair) and how they bring her safe through a channel which has not been used since Drake's day, and which has been left unblockaded because it is supposed to be impassable. After this has been accomplished, we are assured of the success of the Nationalists in a few lines, and the book ends, being no more than an expanded short story.

Oddly, there is more thrill in the preliminary pages, before there has been a hint even of the coming Civil War, than by the actual coup. For in the first pages, the sailor-narrator talks about the fearful joy of piloting a boat through a difficult and unknown channel; and there the Poet Laureate gives us, as no one else now alive can do, the authentic spell of the sea, the fascinating comprehension of some one else's skilled work, the zest of danger overcome by brains and nerve. But when the story proper begins, when the odds are painstakingly raised higher and higher against the hero, although there is the same clear strong prose there is somehow no suspense. Mr. Masefield is by no means an author who invariably gives his heroes success; indeed, one of his favorite and greatest themes is that of the apparent failure; but for some reason one is all too assured that this is a case where the difficulties were made to melt away, and the Boy Gun-Runners in the Caribbean emerge victorious. Perhaps one may say that this is a first-rate book for boys, but something less than a first-rate book for men and women. B. D.

THE QUEEN'S WIGS. Naomi Royde-Smith. Macmillan. 1934. $2.

A fantastic novel is a difficult thing to write. Perhaps, like poetry, it requires a special talent, for fantasy, like poetry, must come unforcedly, inevitably. Since it has no depth of reality to offer it must display a fineness of texture that may in itself delight, a surface as exquisitely polished as, for instance, a novel of Elinor Wylie's. It must have distinction.

Miss Royde-Smith has produced a fantasy that is a little bit dowdy. Wishing to give an air of actuality to her story she has put in too many prosy details, she is too lengthy in describing the gray English school background from which her dull little heroine is snatched away to move through a net of not particularly ingenious intrigue in the romantic Balkan kingdom of Irolya. She has been too lavish, too extravagant, in her setting of the Irolyan scene and she does not succeed in conveying its intended charm by means of her handsomely painted papier-mâché castles, her characters in stuffy fancy dress costume, or their improbable actions. There are certain lovely descriptions, but on the whole the novel is an example of how to spoil an entertaining idea by too great verboseness and overdescription. But no doubt, if there were no other book at hand, it might prove more amusing to some people than their own thoughts. C. C.

THE KING OF THE ARCHERS. René Bazin. Macmillan. 1934. $2.

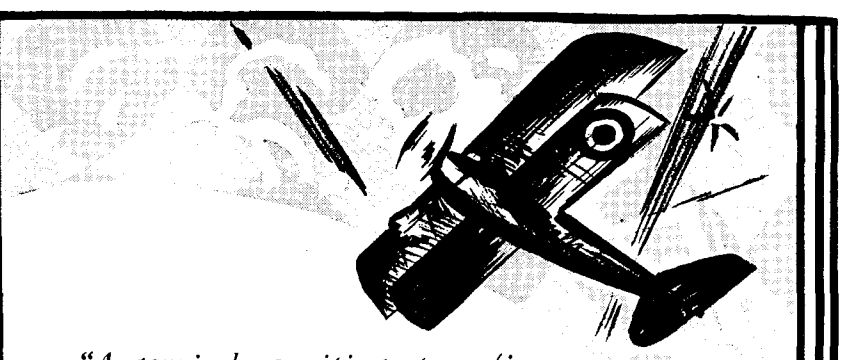
There is a certain surprise in discovering that "The King of the Archers" is laid in a France that is post-war and contemporaneous, for there is nothing in the novel that is intrinsically modern. But instead of charming, this timelessness, this lack of the salt of contemporaneity, leaves the reader bored, for there are no particular virtues in the telling of this story of simple weavers of Roubaix that make up for the dun-colored homeliness of its texture. There are, to be sure, the qualities of honesty and simplicity, but the honesty is not the deeply-searching honesty that is content with nothing less than the perfect phrase, and the simplicity is too often but one remove from banality.

With its discussion of factory life, and its wish to demonstrate the advantages of weavers' working on home-looms, the book dimly recalls one of those interludes of a Tolstoy novel where a major character pauses to concern himself with the problem of the peasants. The tale of the Demeester family, its threatened disintegration, its final happy reunion, is barely absorbing enough to hold the reader's attention through two hundred pages. The story is lumbering and slow in its beginning, burdened with a minuteness of description that suggests to the reader some academically painted *genre* scene of fifty years ago, yet it is slight and without drama. Whatever felicity of phrase may have existed in the original is not particularly apparent in the translation, and the statements of the characters fall wooden and unresonant on the printed page, with no voice in them to fill them and give them life. C. C.

TRANSIENT LADY. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Appleton-Century. 1934. $2.

From somewhere undetermined, the transient lady had come to Karnak, a county seat in the fairly deep South, and with her two male companions had set up a roller skating rink in a decaying warehouse. In the manner of most small towns, Karnak was excessively sensitive to the presence of the three foreigners, and when one of them in self-defense killed the brother of the county boss there was every prospect for the foreigner's quick hanging or quicker lynching. Two things, however, combined to put off the event: a squabble

(*Continued on next page*)



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Eda Lou Walton, The Nation.

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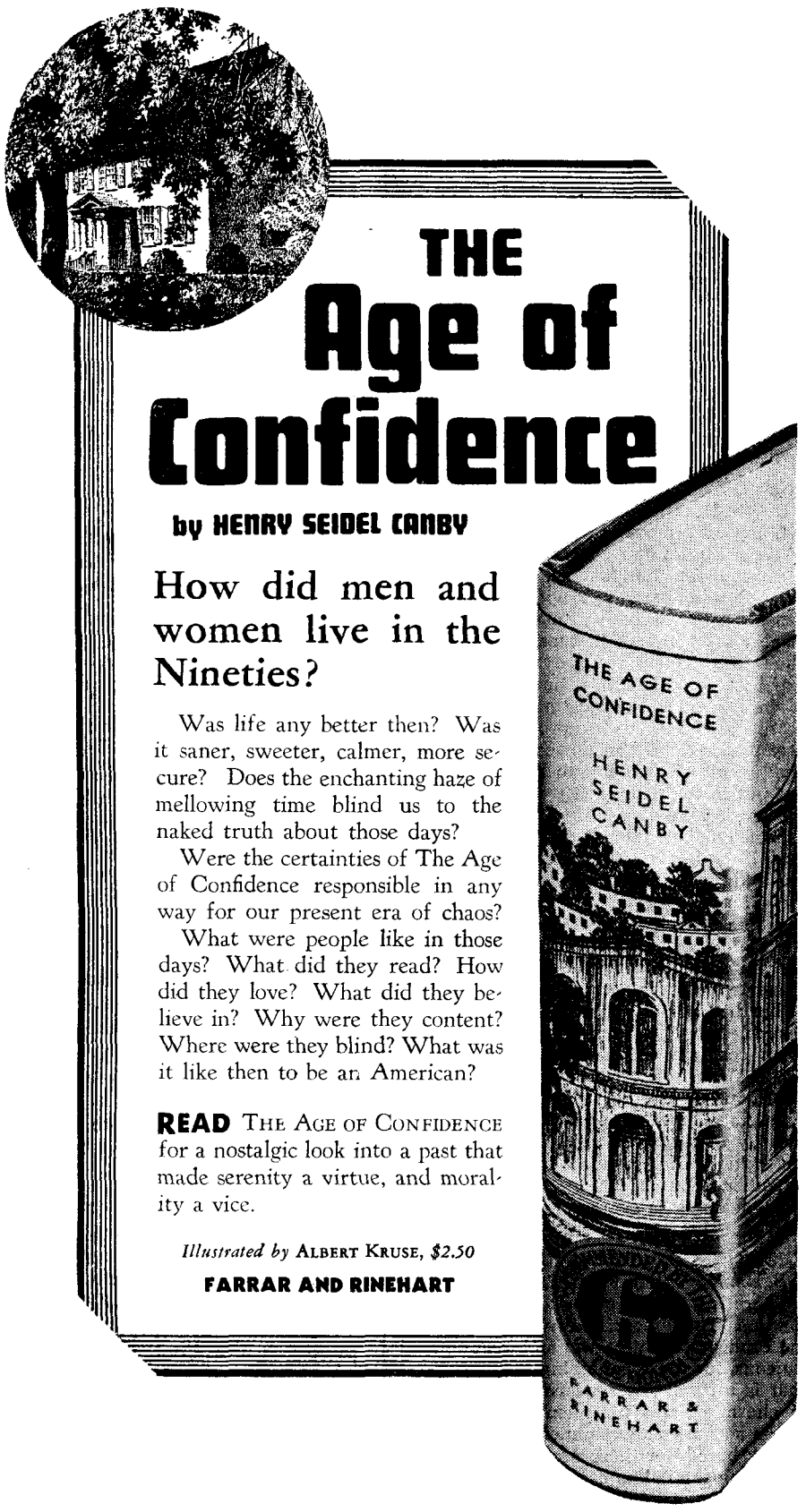
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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

between large families that rose into a first-class feud; and a handsome young aristocrat who came galloping to the personal and legal rescue of the girl and her two friends.

Mr. Cohen writes with his accustomed facility and demonstrates once more his talent in light local color. The minor characters are usually entertaining. But the story has little to recommend it save its surface competence and (in the judgment of some readers) its scrupulous cleanliness.

R. B. M.

Travel

THE OTHER GERMANY. By Gordon Bolitho. Appleton-Century. 1934. $3.

One reads Mr. Bolitho's book with constantly growing amazement. It is not only that the author has seen fit to tell again the story that so many of us have known for years: namely, that during the war a lot of people thought that the Germans were devils, and later found out that they were human beings. It is not only that we are taken through romantic old Heidelberg, that dear place which so many foreigners find just lovely, and so many Germans find pretty boring. It is not only that Mr. Bolitho has discovered that some Germans have large estates, and are hospitable, whereas others have nothing, and are bitter. And it is not only that Mr. Bolitho finds the German Jews horrid, and does not care to associate with them, because they are rude (although, always British, always fair, he says that the Germans are really to blame for the horridness of the Jews).

What is really astonishing is that something written so short a time ago as this book, should read as though it had come out of the ark. Beginning in 1930, and continuing to Christmas, 1933, Mr. Bolitho has written a number of sketches that sound as though they were out of a past life. The Germany he portrays is so thoroughly gone that to read of it is futile.

Mr. Bolitho is superficial, he is also gullible. After living in Hitler's Germany until Christmas, 1933, he can still let it be published over his name that National Socialism has emancipated German women, has increased German devotion and made people happy in church again, has made over-worked servants love their masters as in the good old days. Mr. Bolitho saw little or no evidence of brutality on the part of Hitler's men (perhaps because he was happily shooting roebuck on the estate of a friend), and found that nothing much happened to the Jews.

"The Other Germany" was written before 1934. It is amazing that it could have been written; but that it could be published in book form in 1934 is utterly baffling.

S. A. N.

Latest Books Received

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K-7: As Told to B. Boyce. By G. F. Zimmer. Appleton. $2.50. *Bob Davis at Large.* R. H. Davis. Appleton. $2.50. *A Shepherd of the Far North.* R. Glody. San Francisco: Wagner.

ECONOMICS

Economic Principles and Problems. Ed. W. E. Spahr. Farrar. 2 vols. $5, each vol. $2.50. *The Meaning of Marx.* Ed. S. Hook. Farrar. $1.

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Bolshevism, Fascism and the Liberal Democratic State. M. Parmelee. Wiley. $3. *New Federal Organizations.* Brookings Institution. $1.50.

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Eminent British Writers of the Nineteenth Century. Ed. R. Withington and C. Van Winkle. Harpers. $4.75. *The Lifesaver's Candy Recipes.* A. Prescott. Blue Ribbon. $1. *Addlegrams.* Admiral C. Jettison. Houghton. $1.50. *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology.* Ed. Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University. Harvard Univ. Pr. *Generation of the Universe and "Design for Living."* P. A. Campbell. East Cleveland, O. *Women Over Forty.* S. Trent. Macaulay. $2. *The Body Beautiful Through Exercise and Vitamin.* A. C. Board. Whitman. $1. *The World Today.* Encyclopaedia Britannica. *English Prose and Poetry, 1660-1800.* Ed. O. Shepard and P. S. Wood. Houghton. $4. *The Modern Approach to the Old Testament.* J. C. Townsend. Stratford. $2. *Organization for Social Welfare.* G. B. Mangold. Macmillan. $3.50. *From Rome to Nation-States.* E. W. Dow. Ann Arbor: Wahr. $1.15. *Introduction to Cambridge.* S. C. Roberts. Macmillan. $1. *The Story of the Bible.* W. R. Bowie. Abingdon. $3. *The Farther Shore.* Ed. N. E. Griffin and L. Hunt. Houghton. $3. *"One Hell of a Business."* H. C. Engelbrecht. McBride. $1. *The British Fishery at Newfoundland.* R. G. Lounsbury. Yale Univ. Pr. $4. *Working with God.* G. Hunting. Unity. $1. *Processes of Graphic Reproduction in Printing.* H. Curwen. Oxford Univ. Pr. $3.75. *Rumeileb. Part III.* E. Grant. Haverford. *Dr. Bundesen's Diet Book.* H. N. Bundesen, M.D. Reilly. $1.50. *The Modern Home Physician.* Ed. V. Robinson, M.D. Wise. $3.50. *Wood-Carving as a Hobby.* H. W. Faulkner. Harpers. $2. *Mental Hygiene for Effective Living.* E. A. Kirkpatrick. Appleton. $3. *Oklahoma.* V. E. Harlow. Oklahoma City: Harlow.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR A LIBRARY

W. C. L. of Closter, N. J., *has assembled what he considers a small but choice library, and is now anxious to develop two branches of it. "I want to build up," he says, "a complete section devoted to philosophy and psychology," and asks for a few of the more elementary titles which ought to be included in it.*

SINCE W. C. L.'s library seems to be a serious undertaking, destined for permanence and no mere haphazard gathering of books to fit the fads of the moment, I felt it needed the advice of an expert and so threw myself once more for assistance on the ever ready kindness of Professor Jastrow. He, with the modesty of the scholar, says there is no way of making a really representative collection of works in philosophy since of the dozens of classes of books in that field one is properly devoted to surveys, another to introductory texts, and a third to original and creative contributions, and all are subject to the course of history. He suggests, however, that W. C. L. add John Dewey's HOW WE THINK (Heath) and HUMAN NATURE AND CONDUCT (Holt) to the batch of books he has already placed on his shelves. As to psychology he says:

> The one book dealing with history is Gardner Murphy's HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION TO MODERN PSYCHOLOGY (1933). For *general psychology*, Gardner Murphy's book with that title. Of similar value, each distinctive, are Hollingworth's GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY, and, stressing the experimental side, R. H. Wheeler's THE SCIENCE OF PSYCHOLOGY, 1929. Also very readable accounts are by Woodworth, and Daniel B. Leary (Modern Psychology); THE STORY OF SCIENTIFIC PSYCHOLOGY, by Adalbert Ford; GREAT EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHOLOGY, by Garrett; and (for liveliness) Adams: PSYCHOLOGY OR SUPERSTITION. Also THE MEANING OF PSYCHOLOGY, by C. K. Ogden, and a good compilation of selections by Robinson called READINGS IN GENERAL PSYCHOLOGY. Of the divisions of Psychology, it is sufficient to mention the abnormal. Murphy, Hollingworth, Fisher, and Bridges, are representative in this field. For Educational and Applied Psychology, Poffenberger. For Social Psychology, representative books are by Allport, Ewer, McDougall, and Dunlap. For a text, I would suggest Coleman and Commins as a simplified version.
>
> Of the other classes of books dealing with special fields there is no end. The books (above cited) of Leary and of Coleman and Commins contain the most accessible bibliographies. They are good lists for all purposes.

SOUTHWESTERN CULTURE

V. A. C. of San Diego, Calif., *who, when last she wrote to this department was on the first lap of a struggle for the recovery of her health, and who is steadily improving though she still has many a month of convalescence before her, wishes to put in some of her enforced idleness in reading a book or books dealing with the archæology of the Southwestern states.*

MAGIC SPADES (Holt), by R. V. D. Magoffin and Emily Davis, which appeared a few years ago, was written especially for the layman such as V. A. C. describes herself to be. She will find in it much of interest, as also in THE RAINMAKERS: INDIANS OF ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO (Houghton Mifflin), which discusses history, art, etc., as well as the present culture of the Indians. There is a booklet put out by the University of California Press, by Alfred Kroeber, one of the foremost authorities in the field, entitled NATIVE CULTURE OF THE SOUTHWEST, and E. L. Hewett's ANCIENT LIFE IN THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST (Bobbs-Merrill) should also give V. A. C. the information she wants. May they speed the hours to good health for her.

A PLAY FOR NURSES

N. E. P. of Whitby, Ontario, *is on the hunt for a play, humorous and to be staged by nurses.*

Having just seen IOLANTHE, and still carrying in my mind the charms of recent performances of THE MIKADO and THE GONDOLIERS, I feel like saying that nothing in the way of theatrical entertainment can be as delightful as Gilbert and Sullivan. But having just seen these performances supremely well given I feel like warning all amateurs away from them. It would be safer for the nurses in whom N. E. P. is interested to forswear even PINAFORE, beloved of the unprofessional, and turn to such pleasant comedies of manners as Rachel Crothers's WHEN LADIES MEET or Frederick Lonsdale's THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, though it must be confessed that the last-named play needs exceedingly good acting to develop its values. If they want a hilarious farce they might try Paul Osborn's THE VINEGAR TREE, which was so popular in New York a few years ago. There has just appeared a collection of thirteen one-act dramas, assembled by A. P. Sanford under the title ONE ACT PLAYS FOR WOMEN, which, while perhaps somewhat lacking in striking dramatic value, are nevertheless amusing and entertaining, and have the virtue of being for all women casts. This last-named is published by Dodd, Mead. The others are all on the list of Samuel French.

HOUSES IN HAWAII

Lola B. Bellinger, of Tacoma, Wash., writes apropos of the request published in the Clearing House of September 15 in regard to Hawaiian houses:

> Perhaps that query has already been answered by some of your readers, but I am passing on my information to you anyway. In Honolulu you will find as wide a diversity in the types of homes as you will in any other city of one hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants. The more wealthy people have large and well built homes, some colonial, some bungalow types and some just plain houses. The more ordinary people have smaller cottages. However, you will find that few have basements as there is no need for furnaces. Some have fire places, some have no heating equipment at all, other than electric heaters. Also there are many cottages with few windows, that is windows with glass. Instead half of the room will be screened and there will be more lanais or porches than one may find on houses here in the mainland.
>
> Building costs are *higher* than on the mainland as the lumber, etc., has to be shipped in from the coast. I should think you might get figures from some of the building supply companies such as Lewers & Cooke or E. O. Hall. A letter to either firm addressed just to Honolulu, T. H., will reach them.

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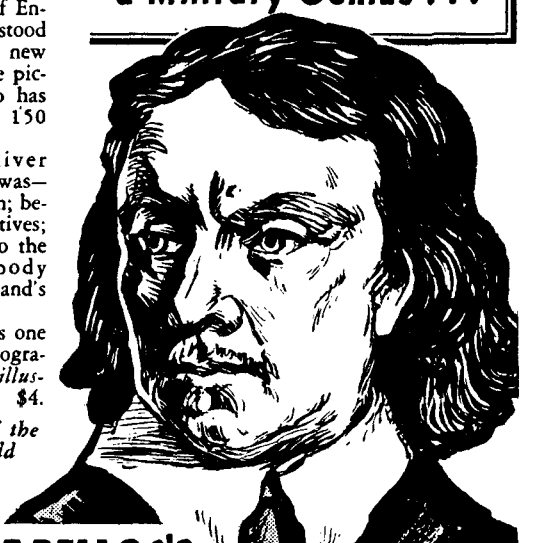

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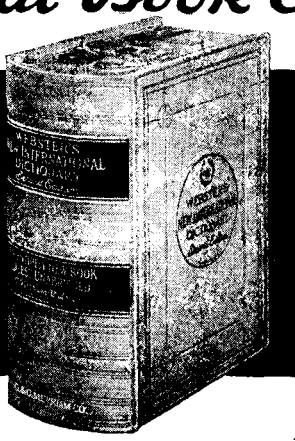

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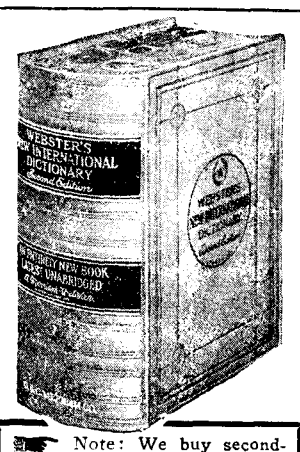

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Highlights in Children's Books

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE are nine of these books, including a work I am going to mention first which, strictly speaking, won't entirely be enjoyed by children, and that is "Logical Nonsense: The Works of Lewis Carroll Complete" (Putnam). This big tome of *Carroll*, containing everything the *Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson* ever wrote that can be rescued from oblivion, is now, we are informed, for the first time complete, and edited by *Philip C. Blackburn* and *Lionel White* with an introduction, biography, notes and bibliography. For children— and these stories comprise the better part of the book—it contains "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Through the Looking-Glass," and "The Story of Sylvie and Bruno," not to mention such sterling poems as "The Hunting of the Snark," "Phantasmagoria," and "The Lang Coortin'." I know no comic poetry I enjoy more than Carroll's, and how excellently he could imitate Tennyson and Swinburne!

Oh, when I was a little Ghost,
A merry time had we!
Each seated on his favorite post,
We chumped and chawed the buttered toast
They gave us for our tea.

That is the pure Carroll of serene ray. Children may wish to avoid the logical problems of "A Tangled Tale," and won't get much out of "Three Years in a Curatorship," "The New Belfry of Christ Church," or "Symbolic Logic"; such matters are for their elders; but no family should be without this book. It is one of the few great civilizing influences of all time.

The Mother-Herring, on the salt sea-wave,
Sought vainly for her absent ones:
The Father-Badger, writhing in a cave,
Shrieked out "Return, my sons!
You shall have buns," he shrieked, "if you'll behave!
Yea, buns, and buns, and buns!"

All that I regret is that the size of the book has precluded the inclusion of any of the famous illustrations to different single books, by *Tenniel*, by *Harry Furniss*, and by *A. B. Frost*.

Turning from such a triumphant classic to contemporary work, let me mention first the Helen Gentry juveniles, represented here by *Washington Irving's* "Rip Van Winkle," now done with pictures by *Anne Heyneman* and printing by *Helen Gentry*, in San Francisco, June 1934. This series has been designed for the boy and girl who are becoming book-lovers, and would appreciate a childhood classic in a fine (but not de luxe) edition, to enjoy and keep all their lives. So far there have been three books in the series, and it is Miss Gentry's intention to follow them with others if these meet with approval. Next I would call your attention to a volume of *Rachel Field's* poems, "Branches Green" (Macmillan). Many of these poems were published in magazines as adult verse, but they should have a great appeal to the young. Rachel Field is well-known as a first-rate writer for children. *Dorothy Parsons Lathrop* has decorated this delightful book, and Miss Field's forthright style packed with the picturesque, is devoted to such themes as "Ticking Clocks," "Questions for a Flying Squirrel to Answer," "A Circus Garland," "Wild Cranberry," "Family Pew," and "For a Doll's House," to name only a few. There is plenty here that children can understand and delight in.

Evelyn Scott is one of our most adult and distinguished novelists, but she has also written two good juveniles, "In the Endless Sands" and "Witch Perkins." Now she presents us with a third, "Billy the Maverick" (Holt), an engaging story that takes a thirteen year old boy in our West on a ranch over to England whither he goes as "the cowboy baronet," heir to lands and a title. But that is just the beginning of the story. There are plenty of complications in regard to the inheritance, a kidnapping, and a lot of vital adventure. I occasionally question Mrs. Scott's use of certain colloquialisms, but never her ability to tell a good story that should appeal to youngsters. She, of course, knows England well, and also has lived in our West, to say nothing of her knowledge of the South. Hence this is a boys' story above the average. It is dedicated to her own son, "for him to remember, when he wants to, being thirteen."

Irina Skariatina has written an account of her youth in Tzarist Russia. She remembers it with remarkable clarity of detail. Before this book she had given us "A World Can End," a book for adults about her youth. Now we have "Little Era in Old Russia" (Bobbs-Merrill) with illustrations by *C. LeRoy Baldridge*. If you are not afraid of having your child contaminated, according to modern ideas, by hearing of what the old Russia was like in certain aspects—but seriously, the story is very human and full of interest. It may well prove fascinating to certain children. A book chronicling regions even further north is "The Snowbaby's Own Story," by *Marie Ahnighito Peary* (Stokes). It is, naturally, the autobiography of the daughter of *Robert E. Peary*, the famous Arctic explorer. She was born in Greenland on one of her father's Arctic expeditions, and years ago the first book about her was published. Now she gives her own account of her life. The book is illustrated with interesting photographs. "Through Golden Windows," by *Mary K. Reely* and *Ada M. Randall* (Chicago: Albert Whitman & Co.), is illustrated by *Emma Brock*, and tells biographical stories of writers who have been children's favorites: such writers as *Celia Thaxter*, *John Greenleaf Whittier*, *Alice* and *Phoebe Cary*, *Mary Mapes Dodge*, *James Whitcomb Riley*, *Eugene Field*, *Jean Ingelow*, *Lewis Carroll*, *Stevenson*, *Hans Christian Andersen*, etc. The stories are compact and the print large. This is a good idea well carried out, on the whole. The stories are told with simplicity and interest usually associated with fiction.

Finally I shall mention two books dealing with religion. The first of these is "A First Bible," illustrated by *Helen Sewell* (Oxford University Press). *Jean West Maury* has selected and arranged the contents of this book, but it is the fine old drawing of Helen Sewell, who has illustrated many children's books, that makes the volume notable. The book is beautifully manufactured in every respect. The New Testament predominates and the Old Testament stories accentuate faith in Christ. The child is supplied with the most important stories, graphically portrayed. This is a good introduction to the Bible. "The Bible in Pictures," by *Gustave Doré* (New York: William H. Wise & Co.), shows the most dramatic events of the Old and New Testaments presented in the numerous famous drawings of one who was an amazing phenomenon of draughtsmanship in his own day. Though his work now appears old-fashioned, the greatly talented Alsatian commanded dramatic effectiveness in his compositions to an extraordinary degree, with a pronounced and unmistakable style.

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Last week, for the third time, The Saturday Review of Literature beat the big drum for this extraordinary mystery story. THE CRIMINAL RECORD announced: "You'll find this the best mystery story in months. Great stuff." The week before that, TRADE WINDS added to its first report: "We repeat, mystery readers must not miss it."
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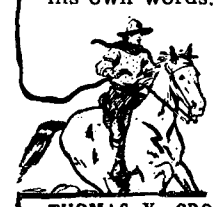

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Double-Crostics: Number 32

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

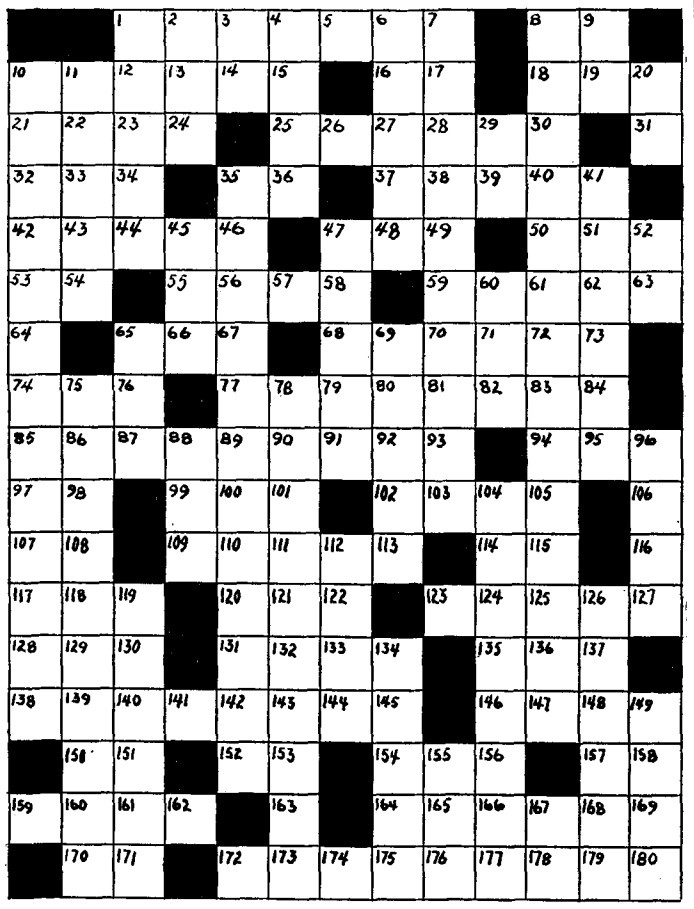
DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram.

When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 131-82-141-29. A sudden, often unreasonable, wish.	
II. 38-118-176-130. Author of "Lay Thoughts of a Dean."	
III. 85-35-167-73-148-101-137-162. Unsymmetrical.	
IV. 62-69-33-3-46-77-91-18-175. Disgusting.	
V. 172-112-9-12-104. The wit's weapon.	
VI. 52-143-24-5-89. Nonvenomous American snake.	
VII. 47-99-122-64-8-115-151-171. Majestically (music).	
VIII. 15-111-67-84-94. Euphemistic British for "bloody."	
IX. 19-145-26-51-90-68-136. Bird of the genus Struthio.	
X. 34-163-138-56-95-74-108. Imbecile (slang).	
XI. 140-102-13-30. Founder of a modern religious movement.	
XII. 87-20-75-60-92-166. Bombast (colloq.).	
XIII. 78-36-53-83-22-153. Deteriorated, decayed.	
XIV. 6-144-70-50-96-59-174-168-161. English town noted in proverb.	
XV. 32-177-72-93. Makes a mistake; goes astray.	
XVI. 120-150-66-1-57-21. Alley of popular songs.	
XVII. 81-116-106-10-55-28-158-123. Cheap, unworthy artifice.	
XVIII. 16-40-133-45-165-107-114-88-54. Savage South African.	
XIX. 103-135-109-17-159-98-7. Disbeliever in God.	
XX. 124-11-44-173-128-119-169. City and river in Virginia.	
XXI. 139-117-39-121-58-23-149-164. Least burdensome.	
XXII. 71-2-127-41-152. Largest planet within Jupiter's orbit.	
XXIII. 129-134-27-42-178-14-160-49. Most ostentatious.	
XXIV. 76-132-146-155-48-80. Excitement (colloq.).	
XXV. 142-43-65-37-25. Members of a Semitic race.	
XXVI. 157-125-31-63-180. Hazardous, dangerous.	
XXVII. 154-79-113-147. A thin coat of water color.	
XXVIII. 4-110-179-86. Letter of the Greek alphabet.	
XXIX. 100-156-105-170-97-61-126. Remedy of doubtful value.	



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 31)
EDWIN MARKHAM—"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song?
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

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HENRI CHARPENTIER
" *a recipe is a poem* "

Your correspondents desire to state, without any reservations, that *Life à la Henri* by HENRI CHARPENTIER and BOYDEN SPARKES is the most delightful book of memoirs they have ever published.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY hastens to add that without any reservations it is next to impossible to get a table at New York's most famous French restaurant, one of the truly great eating-places of the world—*Café Henri Charpentier, Maison Francaise*, Rockefeller Plaza, Radio City. But if you telephone Circle 7-6594 and use the private *Inner Sanctum* pass-word, *Life à la Henri*, it will be your privilege to eat food for the gods.

In preparation for this Olympian gastronomic experience, see your own bookseller, ask for *Life à la Henri*, turn its inspired and romantic pages, and see for yourself why HENRI CHARPENTIER has been ranked with civilization's supreme masters of the culinary art by such celebrated gourmets as

KING EDWARD VII
KING LEOPOLD
SARAH BERNHARDT
DIAMOND JIM BRADY *and*
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

HENRI CHARPENTIER is not only one of the world's great restaurateurs, not only the inventor of *crèpes suzette* and hundreds of other masterpieces that have ravished the palates of crowned heads and millionaires and peasants on both sides of the Atlantic, but a rare and noble personality, a flashing raconteur, a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher. He has truly been called the AXEL MUNTHE of the kitchen, the D'ARTAGNAN of the casserole.

In these savorous memoirs HENRI CHARPENTIER and BOYDEN SPARKES have captured the glories, the triumphs, the high romance of a great artist and a gracious and beloved personality. Chapter after chapter carry you through the vineyards, the kitchens, the hearts of a nation which puts eating and cooking definitely in their place among the true, the good and the beautiful.

NEWS!

Flashes from the noun-and-adjective traffic at *The Inner Sanctum: Diamond Jim*, PARKER MORELL'S rampaging, Ripleyesque, Rabelaisan recital of the private life of an expense account, is starting off like a best-seller. ☞ The Fox Film production of *The First World War*, directed by LAURENCE STALLINGS and produced by TRUMAN TALLEY, begins at the Rialto Theatre November 6th: your correspondents have seen a pre-view and found it a soul-shaking experience. . . . Mark well the place, Rialto Theatre, and the date, November 6 . . . lest we forget. ☞ *Balletomania, The Story of an Obsession*, by ARNOLD HASKELL, is enjoying critical acclaim of surpassing splendor from the British press. ☞ *Nijinsky*, by ROMOLA NIJINSKY, is still a best-seller. ☞ Coming soon—*The Autobiography* of JOHN COWPER POWYS. ☞ Believe it or not, RIPLEY is again a best-seller, this time with his new two-books-in-one *Omnibus*. ☞ *A Chinese Testament* is selling steadily, but not enough. ☞ FRANK BUCK is back from Chicago, yearning to *Bring 'Em Back Alive*. ☞ The most romantic, the most genuinely glamorous book in years is *Life à la Henri*, according to those inveterate Gastronomers Royal

ESSANDESS

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVE now met *Archibald Gordon Macdonell*, who is, naturally, a Scotsman, and the author of "England, Their England," published a year ago. Next Spring Macmillan will publish a new humorous novel by him called "How Like an Angel." Mr. Macdonell is now on somewhat of a swing around the United States. First he went to Chicago, thence to Omaha. Butte, Montana, and Salt Lake City follow and the flying Scot will be in San Francisco by the beginning of November. He will then actually fly to Los Angeles, touch at Phoenix, El Paso, Dallas, and Memphis, and return to New York by Thanksgiving. . . . I should like to call your attention to a few very fine looking fall books. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas offer us *Mary Shelley's* "Frankenstein," illustrated by *Lynd Ward*, comprising some of the best work in woodcuts that he so far has done. The book is most striking and is beautifully manufactured. . . . The second modern English *Chaucer* of importance has now been done by *J. U. Nicolson*, the black knight of Chicago. It bears an introduction by *Gordon H. Gerould*, and has many illustrations and decorations by *Rockwell Kent*, some of which I have seen before. Covici-Friede have brought it out, as they have *Christopher Marlowe's* "Hero and Leander," illustrated by *Richard Jones* and printed by my friend S. A. Jacobs at the Van Rees Press. . . . In the back of his book, "Editor's Choice," by *Alfred Dashiell*, editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, the compiler has an interesting appendix concerning favorite and famous stories. He prints lists of what different judges regard as the best short stories in the world. Here is a list by *Edward J. O'Brien*, one by *John Cournos*, another by *Fred Lewis Pattee*, and still another published by *The Golden Book*. In looking the lists over I discovered the following facts: (1) The only stories upon which Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Cournos agree, out of fifteen, are "The Tell-Tale Heart" by *Edgar Allan Poe* and "The Phantom 'Rickshaw" by the modernly despised *Rudyard Kipling*. *Fred Lewis Pattee* doesn't agree with *John Cournos* in any particular, and with *Edward J. O'Brien* only in the matter of *O. Henry's* "A Municipal Report." . . . Rather amusing to me is young *Mr. Saroyan's* ("The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze") impact upon two types of modern magazine. In featuring his story "Prelude to an American Symphony" in the latest *New Masses*, the editors are delighted to stress his statement that "the communist program is the most valid and decent I can think of, and I am wholly in sympathy with it." But they are a little embarrassed by his also saying in his letter to them that he finds groups of any sort intolerable and thinks most of the communists he has met are opportunists. They wag a tolerant forefinger at him for that, and assure him that if he will only be a good little boy and pray to Marx, Lenin, and Maxim Gorky every night, he is sure to be saved in the end. They smugly assure him that the Marxist critic insists on the whole truth (Does he indeed?) and adjure, "May he never forget his proletarian youth, or be disloyal to the great mother who bore him." Why? Why, because, obviously it is a question of the sheep and the goats and this is what you must do to be saved, since only the working classes are good and noble. Come to Marx has simply replaced Come to Jesus. I myself prefer Mr. Saroyan's statement, "I'm no critic: I write what I must write." . . . Then there's *Trend*, that illustrated bimonthly of the arts, printing a story of Mr. Saroyan's called "Paramount, Please Let Me Act," and *Trend* speaks of the "serialized sensitivity" of Saroyan's work and that "Saroyan's Young Man is marooned, never consciously a unit of a ravaged working class; marooned in a sea of symbols which stand for the outside world. . . . Here is the complete individualist completely overpowered by our age—the white-collar American who sees nothing left to hope for and is unaware of the forces at work in America and in the world today." . . . And between the sweaty maternalism of the *New Masses*, and the mauve and gray cubes and cones of *Trend*, what is likely to happen to a young writer? I leave you to imagine.

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Fifth anniversaries are scarce this season, what with the depression being just five years old. So Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Payson of Young Books, Inc., 714 Madison Ave., N. Y. C., are to be congratulated on their recent celebration. This shop, which started just nine days before the stock-market crash, has built up a special service and clientele for children's books; it also carries books for adults, runs a puzzle exchange and circulating library, and has assembled a sizable collection of antiques. Young Books took over the Junior Book Club in 1930, dissolved the corporation, but continue the service of monthly selections and recommended books in three age groups. ☞Speaking of anniversaries, the admirable *Wilson Bulletin for Librarians* has just passed its twentieth.

☞New Books, Inc., the enterprise which was going to distribute fifteen books a year to subscribers at 95 cents each, is no more. The sponsors have abandoned the plan because "the general reaction to it was unfavorable." Meanwhile, the temporary Publishers' Code Authority had ruled that New Books, Inc., was not a code violation, although they made it clear that this was a technical decision. ☞The net result of the New Books plan seems to be just one more shot in the dark at the price structure of books. It is unfortunate that advertisements should appear, stating that book prices are too high, when the advertiser hasn't discovered any successful method of reducing them. ☞And lots of people could have told New Books, Inc., how unfavorable the reaction was going to be. We should have thought they'd be prepared to answer serious criticism. ☞The sponsors of New Books, Inc., did not carry their plans very far, as only one publishng house, Smith and Haas, had agreed to cooperate with them.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE HAND OF THE CHIMPANZEE *Robert Hare* (Longmans, Green: $2.)	Simian "servants" of eccentric British medico apparently commit two murders but Evan Heath suspects other agencies.	Atmosphere of horror capitally sustained: good sub-plot and a fearsome conclusion.	Fantastic
MURDER IN THE OPERA HOUSE *Queena Mario* (Dutton: $2.)	Blonde soprano really dies at end of "Pagliacci"—but Carey Van Horn, criminal psychologist, is in Metropolitan audience.	Plotting and writing somewhat artless, and mystery a cinch; but Queena knows her opera singers.	Fair
THE ADVENTURES OF ELLERY QUEEN *Himself* (Stokes: $2.)	Eleven short stories in which the Queens, father and son, apprehend an assortment of criminals.	All verging toward the fantastic, these yarns are good reading and exhibit typical Queen deductive prowess.	Readable
ASEFF THE SPY *Boris Nikolajewsky* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.50)	Amazing history of Czarist secret police agent who also headed inner circle of terrorists.	Rather heavy style retards action but facts are so incredible that narrative always holds interest.	Absorbing

The AMEN CORNER

"*Que* riche appartement *est là joliment dit! Et que la métaphore est mise avec esprit!*"[1] cried Armande. "Voila de l'érudition,"[1] exclaimed Philaminte. They were absorbed in the new *Concise Oxford French Dictionary*. For that is the worst of an Oxford reference book.[2] The Oxonian has long since learned that you cannot pick up the "immortal" (We quote the *New York Sun*) *Modern English Usage*[3] or the amazing *Oxford Companion to English Literature*[4] and put them down under half an hour of browsing. As for the great *Oxford English Dictionary* itself[5] we agree with whoever it was (was it Mr. Stanley Baldwin?) who said it was the one work to take to a desert island.

Oxford lexicographers are at one in combining instruction with delight; but they preserve their individual approach to their problems. "We do not agree," vigorously asserts the *Introduction to the Concise Oxford French Dictionary*, "that a French-English Dictionary consists 'of French words with English explanations' as stated in the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*," art. 'Dictionary.' We aim at *translations*, not *explanations*."

Nevertheless, they go on, "We subscribe to the notion of 'currency' adopted in the *Concise English Dictionary*, and it has guided our admission and rejection of different sorts of French words."

This was, roughly, to preserve such archaisms as are enshrined in proverbs, classical literature, etc., to include recent technical terms and the vocabulary of modern trades—English-speaking "tourists, nonplussed by the terms in use in French garages to describe repairs or spare parts, need no longer despair;"—and to admit freely colloquial and slangy expressions (labelled as such and translated by their equivalents).

The most original feature is a danger signal to put the reader on his guard against "False Friends," or "Tricky Twins" —words which look alike in the two languages, but which many have learned, often by sad experience, are far from meaning the same thing.

The editors have been equally original about illustrations. Coloured pictures of mushrooms and the Eiffel Tower have not been deemed necessary as vehicles of instruction for present-day readers. The Illustrations are strictly practical and include An Aeroplane, A Motor Car, A Sailing Ship, An Ocean Liner, A Camera, and Architectural Elements, in which the component parts are given in both French and English. There is also a plan of Paris and a map of France.

The *Concise Oxford French Dictionary* was compiled by the late Abel Chevalley, head of the Paris office of the Oxford University Press and well-known to American readers through his periodical *Paris Letter* in the *Saturday Review of Literature*. The final stages of the book were supervised by Madame Chevalley with the assistance of Mrs. Coulson, a member of the *Oxford English Dictionary* staff.

The vocabulary is an extremely full one, and is suited for those who require a dictionary for the reading not only of classical French but for the understanding of modern French works in which contemporary idioms and words play so large a part. Few existing dictionaries really help the English reader who grapples with writers such as Proust, Morand or Jules Romains, but here he will get all the assistance he requires. And here you will learn that a *saut-de-lit* is *not* "a bedroom rug" but a dressing-gown; and *eau de vaisselle* is *not* "thin broth" but dish-water —a very different thing in France, if not in some other countries we might but will not name!

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book-of-the-Month: The Concise Oxford French Dictionary; $3.00.

(1) *Les Femmes Savantes*, in *Œuvres Complètes de Molière*, 1 volume, $2.00. (2) Write for descriptive list of the Oxford Reference Shelf. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue. (3) $3.25. (4) $5.00. (5) Write for descriptive prospectus and convenient payment plan. (6) $3.00.

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